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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

TAMING OF THE SHREW

"Thy gown? why ay : come tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God ! what masquing stuff is here?"

IV. 3. TAMING OF THE SHREW

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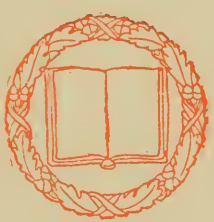
THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 7



King John

Taming of the Shrew

THE NOTTINGHAM SOCIETY

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

King John was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies the first place in the division of "Histories." The ten plays belonging to this series form as it were a great national Epic on the crises in English History from the reign of Richard II to that of Richard III, with King John and Henry VIII respectively as the Prologue and Epilogue of the whole. The Editors of the Folio were guided absolutely by chronological sequence in their arrangement of these plays: hence the place of *King John.*

SOURCE OF THE PLAY

Shakespeare's *King John* is a recast of an older play entitled *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England,* printed for the first time in 1591, and again in 1611 and 1622. It is significant that the title-page of the 1611 edition states that the play was "written by W. Sh.;" in the later edition boldly expanded to "W. Shakespeare." [1] *The Troublesome Raigne* may safely be assigned to about the year 1589, with its pseudo-Marlowan lyrical note and classical frippery so common in the plays of the period, *e.g.*:—

> "The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,
> Whistle in concert I am Richard's son:
> The bubbling murmur of the water's fall,
> Records Philippus Regius filius:

[1] *Cp. Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles,* ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Vols. 40, 41 (*Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library;* Nichols' *Six Old Plays, etc.*).

> Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
> Filling the air with glory of my birth:
> Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all
> Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son." [1]

The old "two-sectioned" play may be described as the work of an imitator of Marlowe clinging to pre-Marlowan versification and diction and clownage.

It has many of the faults of the older Chronicle plays, as opposed to the Historical Dramas; chiefly noteworthy are:—(i) there is no hero; (ii) no one in whom one can take interest, except perhaps Faulconbridge; (iii) its Anti-Romish spirit which is at times harsh in the extreme; (iv) the doggerel character of much of its dialogue. On the other hand, the old playwright's treatment of his materials shows considerable merit, and to him belongs the invention of Faulconbridge [2] and his mother, his avoidance of Constance's re-marriages, important modifications in Holinshed's characters of Arthur, of Limoges, etc.; while the comic scene where the Bastard finds the nun locked up in the Prior's chest "to hide her from lay men," and then discovers "Friar Lawrence" locked up in the ancient nun's chest, must, as Dr. Furnivall puts it, have been very telling on the Elizabethan stage; "you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it." Finally, it must be mentioned that the patriotic tone of Shakespeare's play re-echoes the sentiment of his original: especially striking

[1] *"The Troublesome Raigne"* must be carefully distinguished from Bale's *"Kynge Johan"* (about 1548, printed by the Camden Society, ed. by J. P. Collier), which holds an interesting place in the history of Bale's attempt to build a Protestant drama on the ruins of the Catholic Mystery (*cp.* Herford's *Literary Relations of England and Germany* in the xvi. cent., ch. iii.). Shakespeare had certainly never seen this play.

[2] Mr. Watkiss Lloyd suggested that some of Faulconbridge's characteristics were got from that *raptarius nequissimus* and bastard, Falco de Brenta,—or Foukes de Brent, as Holinshed calls him,—who though he was one of the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, yet gave him great help in his fight with his Barons, and backed his son against Lewes.

are the closing words of *The Troublesome Raigne* which have remained almost intact in the recast:—

"Thus England's peace begins in Henry's reign
And bloody wars are closed with happy league,
Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state.
Lewis thou shalt be bravely shipped to France
For never Frenchman got of English ground
The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.
. . . . . .
If England's peers and people join in one,
Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong."

"KING JOHN" AND "THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE"

In comparing the two plays we note the following more striking points:—(i) Shakespeare has compressed the ten acts of his original into five,[1] though he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces but one new one (at the end of Act IV): (ii) there is hardly a single line in the two plays exactly alike; by a mere touch, the re-arrangement of the words, the omission of a monosyllable, and the like, Shakespeare has alchemized mere dross: (iii) Shakespeare, for the most part, follows the older play in its treatment of historical fact,[2] but he departs therefrom noticeably in representing Arthur as a child: (iv) certain characters of the play as well as striking incidents have been elaborated and refined, *e. g.* Constance,[3] Hubert, Pandulph, and espe-

[1] Much actually takes place in *The Troublesome Raigne* which Shakespeare merely speaks of, *e. g.* there is a scene in which the five "moons" actually appear.

[2] Surprise is often expressed at the omission of all mention of the Magna Charta in Shakespeare's play, but it is due in the first instance to the author of *The Troublesome Raigne.*

[3] The famous scene of Constance's Lament (Act III. sc. iv.) was evolved from the following crude original:—

"My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:
When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?
Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.
Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say

cially Faulconbridge, whose character Shakespeare has rendered consistent and ennobled; he makes him not merely the central character, but also a sort of Chorus of the play, giving vent to sentiments of truest patriotism, and enunciating the highest national interests,—an embodiment of the typical Englishman, plain, blunt, honest, and loyal: (v) Shakespeare omits altogether the coarse comic scenes which, in the older play, detract from the dignity of the historical surroundings: (vi) the two plays have the same fault in having no hero; John is not the hero of *King John.*

On the other hand, there are three points in Shakespeare's play not as clear as in the original:—(i) Faulconbridge's hatred of Austria: (ii) his anger at the betrothal of Blanch to the Dauphin: (iii) the reason why the monk poisoned King John. The old play explains clearly (i) that Austria had been cruel to Cœur-de-Lion: (ii) that Blanch had previously been betrothed to Faulconbridge: (iii) that John "contemned" the Pope, and never loved a Friar; (*cp. Shakespeare as an Adapter*, Edward Rose, Preface to *Troublesome Raigne*, Part i; *Forewords* to *Troublesome Raigne*, Part ii, Dr. Furnivall; *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare*, Watkiss Lloyd; *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtney; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare* (Longman, 1894), etc.).

DATE OF COMPOSITION

King John is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). From internal evidence, it belongs to the same group as *Richard II* and *Richard III*, especially in the characteristic absence of prose. The large amount of rhyme in *Richard II* makes it, in all probability, anterior to *King John.* The play may safely be dated *c.* 1595.

> She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:
> Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—
> Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son."

Similarly, the scene in which John suggests to Hubert his murderous design is based on a mere hint of the older play.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play occupies seven days, with intervals comprising in all not more than three or four months. The historical time covers the whole of King John's reign.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Shakespeare has probably done more to spread a knowledge of English history, than all the historians put together, our liveliest and best impressions of "merry England in the olden time" being generally drawn from his pages. Though we seldom think of referring to him as authority in matters of fact, yet in some way and for some reason or other we secretly make him our standard of old English manners, and character, and life, reading other historians by his light, and trying them by his measures, whether we be aware of it or not. He had indeed

> "A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
> And equal surface can make things appear,—
> Distant a thousand years,—and represent
> Them in their lively colors, just extent."

Drawing forth from "the dark backward and abysm of time" the shades of departed things, he causes them to live their life over again, to repeat themselves, as it were, under our eye, we being rather spectators than students of their course and passage.

And yet, the further we push our historical researches, the more we are brought to acknowledge the general justness of his representations. Even when he makes free with chronology, and varies from the actual order of things, it is generally in quest of something higher and better than chronological accuracy; and the result is in most cases favorable to right conceptions: the events being thereby knit together and articulated into that vital harmony and circulation of nature, wherein they can be better understood, than if they were ordered with literal exactness of

time and place. If, which is often the case, he bring in fictitious persons and events, mixing them up with real ones, it is that he may set forth into view those parts, and elements, and aspects of life, which lie without the range of common history, embodying in imaginary forms that truth of which the real forms have not been preserved.

So that, without any loss, perhaps we should say, with much gain, of substantial truth, Shakespeare clothes the dry bones of historical matter with the warm living flesh of poetry and wit, and thus gives them an interest such as no mere narrative could be made to possess, insomuch that thousands, who would fail to be won even by the fascinating pages of Hume, are caught and held by the Poet's dramatic revivifications of the past. If there be any others able to give us as just notions, provided we read them, still there are none that come near him in the art of causing themselves to be read.

But what, perhaps, is most remarkable is, that out of the materials of an entire age and nation he so selects and orders and uses a few, as to give a just conception of the whole; by subtle conveyances impressing upon the mind a sort of daguerre, wherein a close inspection may discern "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure;" all the lines and features of its life and action, public and private, its piety, chivalry, policy, wit, and profligacy, being gathered up and wrought out in fair proportion and clear expression. So true is this, that even the gleanings of after-times have produced scarce any thing touching the history of old England, but what may be better understood for a previous acquaintance with the Poet's historical representations; though it must be owned that these have in turn received much additional light from those. Where he deviates most from all the historical authorities accessible to him, there is a large wise propriety in his deviations, such as to justify the conjecture entertained by some, that he must have written from some traditionary matter which the historians received in his day had failed to chronicle, but which later researches have amply verified. An in-

stance of which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter, in the change of character from "the madcap Prince of Wales" to the brave, wise, gentle, heroic Henry V. So that our latest study and ripest judgment in any historical subject handled by the Poet will be pretty sure to fall in with and confirm the impressions at first derived from him; that which in the outset approved itself to the imagination as beauty, in the end approving itself to the reason as truth.

These remarks must not be taken as in disparagement of other forms of history. It is important for us to know much which it was not the Poet's business to teach, and which if he had attempted to teach, we should probably learn far less from him. Exactness and variety of historical knowledge, running out into the details of time, place, and circumstance, is every way a most useful and desirable acquisition. Nor can we be too much on our guard against resting in those vague general notions of the past, which are so often found ministering to conceit, and fume, and fond impertinence. For, in truth, however we may exult in the free soarings of the spirit beyond the bounds of time and sense, one foot of the solid ground of facts, where our thoughts must needs be limited by the matter that feeds them, is worth far more than acres upon acres of cloud-land glory, where men may expatiate forever without coming to anything, because the only knowledge it yieldeth is of that kind which, being equally good for all purposes, is therefore practically good for none, and which naturally fosters a conceit of far-sightedness, because it presents nothing to be seen, and therefore nothing to bound the vision. And perhaps the best way to drive off or keep off this frightful disease is by drawing and holding the mind down to the facts, by gluing the thoughts to the specialties of particular local truth. These specialties, however, it is not for poetry to supply; nay, rather, it would cease to be poetry, should it go about to supply them.

Let none suppose, then, that we would anywise substi-

tute Shakespeare for the ordinary sources of history. It is enough, surely, that in giving us what lay within the scope of his art he facilitates and furthers the learning of that which lies out of it; working whatsoever matter he takes into a lamp to light our way through that which he omits. This, indeed, is to make the historical drama what it should be, namely, "the concentration of history;" setting our thoughts at the point where the several lines of truth converge, and from whence we may survey the field of his subject in both its unity and its variety.

All which is to be understood but as referring to the dramas in English history, these being the only of Shakespeare's plays that were originally, or can be properly, termed historical. And respecting these the matter has been put so strongly and so well by Schlegel, that we gladly avail ourselves of his statement. "The dramas," says he, "derived from the English history, ten in number, form one of the most valuable of Shakespeare's works, and are partly the fruit of his maturest age. I say advisedly "one" of his works; for the Poet evidently intended them to form one great whole. It is, as it were, an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the several plays constitute the rhapsodies. The main features of the events are set forth with such fidelity; their causes, and even their secret springs are placed in so clear a light, that we may gain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the imagination which can never be effaced. But this series of dramas is designed as the vehicle of a much higher and more general instruction: it furnishes examples of the political course of the world, applicable to all times. This mirror of kings should be the manual of princes: from it they may learn the intrinsic dignity of their hereditary vocation, but they will also learn the difficulties of their situation, the dangers of usurpation, the inevitable fall of tyranny, which buries itself under its attempts to obtain a firmer foundation; lastly, the ruinous consequences of the weaknesses, errors and crimes of kings, for whole na-

tions, and many subsequent generations. Eight of these plays, from Richard II to Richard III, are linked together in uninterrupted succession, and embrace a most eventful period of nearly a century of English history. The events portrayed in them not only follow each other, but are linked together in the closest and most exact connection; and the cycle of revolts, parties, civil and foreign wars, which began with the deposition of Richard II, first ends with the accession of Henry VII to the throne."

In respect, however, of *King John*, what we have been saying must be received with not a little abatement or qualification. As a work of art, the play has indeed considerable, though by no means the highest merit; but as a piece of historical portraiture, its claims may easily be overstated. In such a work diplomatic or documentary exactness is not altogether possible, nor is it even desirable any further than may well consist with the laws of art, or with the conditions of the poetic and dramatic form. For to be truly an historical "drama," a work should not adhere to the literal truth of history in such sort as to hinder the dramatic life, or to cramp, or fetter, or arrest its proper freedom of movement and spirit. In a word, the laws of the drama are here paramount to the facts of history; which of course infers that where the two cannot stand together, the latter are to give way. Yet, when and so far as they are clearly compatible, neither of them ought to be sacrificed: historical accuracy, so far forth as it can be made to combine freely with the principles and methods of dramatic life, seems essential to the perfection of the work. And perhaps Shakespeare's mastery of his art is in nothing more forcibly approved than in the degree to which he has reconciled them. And the inferiority of *King John*, as an historical drama, lies in that, taking his other works in the same line as the standard, the facts of history are disregarded much beyond what the laws of art seem to require. For it need scarce be urged that in an historical drama literal truth is fairly entitled to give law, whenever dramatic truth does not overrule it.

The point where all the parts of *King John* center and converge into one has been rightly stated to be the fate of Arthur. That is the hinge whereon the whole action is made to turn,—the heart whose pulsations are felt in every part of the structure. The alleged right of Arthur to the throne draws on the wars between John and Philip, and finally the loss from the English crown of the provinces in France. And so far the drama is strictly true to historical fact. But, besides this, the real or reputed murder of Arthur by John is set forth as the chief if not the only cause of the troubles that distracted the latter part of his reign, and ended only with his life; the main-spring of that popular disaffection to his person and government, which let in upon him the assaults of papal arrogance, and gave free course to the wholesome violence of the nobles. Which was by no means the case. For though, by the treatment of his nephew, John did greatly outrage the loyalty and humanity of the nation, still that was but one act in a life-long course of cruelty, cowardice, lust, and perfidy, which stamped him as a most base and wicked wretch, and finally drew down upon him the general hatred and execration of his subjects. Had he not thus sinned away and lost the hearts of the people, he might perhaps have safely defied the papal interdict; for who can doubt that they would have braved the thunders of the Vatican for him, since they did not scruple afterwards to do so against him? But the fact or the mode of Arthur's death was not the chief, much less the only cause of that loss. So that here the drama involves in its central point such a breach of history, which it is not easy to see how the laws of the dramatic form should require, and which nothing less than such a requirement could fairly excuse: in other words, the rights of historical truth are sacrificed without sufficient cause.

Such a flaw at the heart of the piece must needs greatly disarrange the order of the work as a representation of facts, and make it very untrue to the ideas and sentiments of the English people at the time; for it implies all along

that Arthur was clearly the rightful sovereign, and his uncle as clearly an usurper, and that they were so regarded: whereas, in truth, the rule of lineal descent was not then settled in the state, and the succession of John to the throne was so far from being irregular, that of the last five occupants four had derived their main title from election, the same right whereby John himself took it.

The same objection lies proportionably against another feature of the play. The life of the Austrian archduke, who had behaved so harshly and so meanly towards Richard I, is prolonged five or six years beyond its actual period, and he is made responsible for the death of the English king, for no other purpose, seemingly, than that the king's natural son may have the honor of revenging his father's wrongs and death. Richard fell in a quarrel with Vidomar, viscount of Lymoges, one of his own vassals. A treasure having been found on the viscount's estate, and a part of it having been offered the king, he claimed the whole; and while in pursuance of this claim he was making war on the owner he was wounded with an arrow from the hand of Gourdon, one of Vidomar's archers. This occurred in 1199, when Leopold of Austria had been dead several years. The play, however, drives the sin against history to the extreme point of making Austria and Lymoges the same person. Now, if such an exploit were needful or desirable for the proper display of Faulconbridge's character, it does not well appear but that the real Vidomar would have answered the purpose: at all events, the thing might surely have been compassed without so gross a breach of historical truth. Here, however, the vice stops with itself, instead of vitiating the other parts, as in the former case.

Again, in the play the people of Angiers stoutly refuse to own either John or Arthur as king, until the question shall have first been decided in battle between them; whereas in fact Anjou, Touraine, and Maine declared from the first for Arthur, and did not waver at all in their allegiance. The drama also represents the imprisonment and death of

Arthur as occurring in England; while in fact he was first put under guard in the castle of Falaise in Normandy, and afterwards transferred to a dungeon in the castle of Rouen, from whence he was never known to come out alive. Other departures from fact there are, which may easily be justified or excused, as being more than made up by a gain of dramatic truth and effect. Such, for example, are the freedoms taken with Constance, who, in the play, remains a widow after the death of her first husband, and survives to bewail the captivity of her son, and the wreck of his hopes; but who, in fact, after a short widowhood was married to Guy of Thouars, and died in 1201, the year before Arthur fell into the hands of his uncle. A breach of history every way justifiable, since it gives an occasion, not otherwise to be had, for some noble outpourings of maternal grief; and her depth of maternal affection might well enough consist with a second marriage, though to have represented her thus would have impaired the pathos of her situation, and at the same time have been a needless embarrassment of the action. It is enough that so she would have felt and grieved, had she been still alive; her proper character being thus allowed to transpire in circumstances which she did not live to see.

But of the justifiable departures from fact the greatest consists in anticipating by several years the papal instigations as the cause of the war in which Arthur was taken prisoner. For in reality Rome had no hand in setting on that war; it was undertaken by Philip of his own will and for his own ends; there being no rupture between John and the Pope till some time after Arthur had disappeared. The crusade which Philip did undertake against John by order of the Pope was in 1213. Thus the Poet brought the two together; and he was right in doing so for this reason, that the conditions of dramatic interest required more intensity of life than either would yield of itself: united, they might stand in the drama; divided, they must fall. So that, by concentrating the interest of both in one, as much of actual truth was secured as could be told

dramatically without defeating the purpose of the telling. Than which no better justification of the thing could well be given, or asked.

Shakespeare drew the material of his other histories from Holinshed, and no doubt he had, or might have had access to the same authority in writing King John. Yet in all the others the rights of historical truth are for the most part duly observed. Which would seem to argue that in this case he not only left his usual guide, but had some special reason for doing so. Accordingly it appears that the forementioned sins against history were not original with him. The whole plot and plan of the drama, the events and the ordering of them, all indeed but the poetry and character, the life and glory of the work, were borrowed. And it seems deserving of special note, that in his historical dramas he committed no offenses worth naming against the laws of his art, but when building on another's foundation.

The first and second part of the troublesome Reign of John, King of England, upon which Shakespeare's play was founded, came from the press, first, in 1591, again in 1611, and a third time in 1622. The first edition was anonymous; the second claimed to be by "W. Sh.," the third by "W. Shakespeare;" which has been taken by some as strong evidence of its being the Poet's work; and would indeed go far to prove it, but that plays that were certainly none of his were often thus fathered upon him. Steevens at one time thought it to be Shakespeare's, but he afterwards gave it up, as well he might; and all the English critics since agree that he did not write it, though scarce any two of them agree who did. The German critics, so far as we know, uniformly take the other side, arguing the point at much length, but with little effect. To answer their arguments were more easy than profitable; and such answer can better be spared than the space it would fill, since no English reader of but tolerable competence, none able to understand the reasoning, will need it, after having once read the play. Coleridge, indeed,

writing of the play in 1802, went so far as to pronounce it "not his, yet of him;" a judgment in which few, we apprehend, will concur. For not a single passage or even line of the old play is to be found in Shakespeare's *King John;* and as there are many that were well worth keeping had they been his, this concludes pretty strongly that he had no hand in it.

The Troublesome Reign bears strong internal marks of having been written when the enthusiasm of the nation was wrought up to the height about the Spanish Armada, and when the Papacy was spitting its impotent thunders against the throne and state of the lion-queen. Abounding in spoken and acted satire and invective against Rome, the play must have been hugely grateful to that national feeling which, issuing in the Reformation, was greatly deepened and strengthened by its own issues. The subject was strikingly apt for this purpose; which was most likely the cause of its being chosen.

This aptness had suggested a like use or abuse of the same matter many years before. The precise date is not known, but Bishop Bale's *Pageant of Kynge Johan* was probably written in the time of Edward VI. Touching this singular performance, perhaps we cannot do better than to abridge the account given by Mr. Collier. The design of *Kynge Johan* was to promote and confirm the Reformation, of which Bale was one of the most strenuous and unscrupulous supporters. Some of the leading events of John's reign, his disputes with the Pope, the suffering of his kingdom under the interdict, the surrender of his crown to the legate, and his reputed death by poison, are there applied in a way to suit the time and purpose of the writer. Historical persons, also, are liberally introduced, the king himself, who figures largely till his death, Pope Innocent III, Cardinal Pandulph, Stephen Langton, Simon of Swinstead, and a monk called Raymundús, and with these are mixed up divers personifications, such as England, who is said to be a widow, Imperial Majesty, who is supposed to take the government at John's death, No-

bility, Clergy, Civil Order, Treason, Verity, and Sedition, who serves as the Jester of the piece. Thus we have some elements of historical plays, such as were used on the public stage forty or fifty years later, and some of the common materials of the old moralities, which gradually gave place to real or imaginary characters. So that the play stands about midway between moralities and historical plays; and it is the only specimen in that kind of so early a date that is known to exist.

The original manuscript of Bale's *Pageant* was preserved in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and has been lately edited by Mr. Collier, and published by the Camden Society. The play, though written by a bishop, teems with the lowest ribaldry and vituperation, insomuch that Mr. Knight pronounces "the intolerance of Bale against the Romish Church the most fierce and rampant exhibition of passion that ever assumed the ill-assorted garb of religious zeal." And, therewithal, the thing is totally barren of any thing that can pretend to the name of poetry or of dramatic life; and, in brief, is at once thoroughly stupid, malignant, and vile. In both these respects the *King John* of 1591 is a prodigious advance upon its predecessor. The most considerable exception in the later play is where Faulconbridge, while by order of the King he is plundering the religious houses, finds a fair young nun hidden in a chest which was supposed to contain the abbot's treasures. Campbell regrets that the Poet did not retain this incident; a regret with which we can by no means sympathize: for, surely, to set forth the crimes of individuals in such a way or at such a time as to fix a stigma upon whole classes of men, was a work that might well be left to meaner hands. In both the old plays, however, an intense hatred of Popery runs as a special purpose through the drama. Which matter is reformed altogether in Shakespeare; who, no doubt, understood well enough that any such special purpose would not consist with the just proportions of art; that to make the drama a vehicle for any such particular invective or sarcasm was quite "from the

purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." He therefore betrays no repugnance to Popery save in the form of a just and genuine patriotism; has no particular symptoms of a Protestant spirit, but only the natural beatings of a sound, honest English heart, resolute to withstand alike all foreign encroachments, whether from kings, or emperors, or popes. Thus his feeling against Rome is wisely tempered in that proportion which is equally required by the laws of morality and of art, issuing in a firm, manly national sentiment with which all men may justly sympathize, be their creed what it may. And, surely, no English mouth can refuse the words,—"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake." So that the Poet's *King John*, viewed thus in connection with the model after which it was framed, yields a most forcible instance and proof of his universality. He follows his guide in those things which appeal to the feelings of man as man; but forsakes him in whatsoever flatters the prejudices and antipathies of men as belonging to this or that party or sect. And as aversion to Rome is chastised down from the prominence of a special purpose in the play, the parts of Arthur and Constance and Faulconbridge proportionably rise; parts that spontaneously knit in and combine with the common sympathies and sentiments of humanity,—such a language as may always dwell together with the spirit of a man, and be twisted about his heart forever.

Still the question recurs, why did Shakespeare, with the authentic materials of history at hand, and with his own matchless power of shaping those materials into beautiful and impressive forms of dramatic life,—why did he in the single instance of *King John* depart from his usual course, preferring a fabulous history to the true, and that, too, even though, for aught now appears, the true would have answered his purpose just as well. It is with the view of suggesting a probable answer to this question that we have dwelt so much at length on the two plays that preceded

his. We thus see that for special causes the subject of King John was early brought upon the stage. The same causes long operated to keep it there. The King John of the stage, striking in with the passions and interests of the time, had become familiar to the people, and twined itself closely with their feelings and thoughts. A faithful version would have worked at great disadvantage in competition with the theatrical one already thus established. This strong prepossession of the popular mind Shakespeare probably did not think it wise to offend or disturb. We agree therefore with Mr. Knight, that "it was a submission of his own original powers of seizing upon the feelings and understanding of his audience, to the stronger power of habit in the same audience." In other words, the current of popular association being so strong already, he chose to fall in with it, rather than undertake to stem it. We may regret that he did so; but we can scarce doubt that he did it knowingly and upon principle: nor should we so much blame him for not turning that stream, as thank him for thus purifying it.

The only extant or discovered notice of Shakespeare's *King John*, till it appeared in the folio of 1623, is by Meres in his *Wit's Commonwealth*. So that all we can say with any certainty is, that the play was written some time before 1598. Blount and Jaggard made an entry in the Stationers' Register, November 8, 1623, of the plays "not formerly entered to other men;" and *King John* is not among them. From which we might naturally infer that the play had been "entered to other men," and perhaps already published; but nothing of the sort has been heard of in our day. In the folio it stands the fifteenth in the volume, and the first in the division of Histories; printed so clearly and carefully in the main, as to leave little room for question concerning the text.

Divers attempts have been made to argue the date of the writing from allusions to contemporary matters; respecting which attempts we cannot stop, nor is it worth the while, to say more than that they do not really amount

to anything at all. Some of the German critics, on the other hand, seem altogether out, when, arguing from the internal evidence of style, structure of the verse, tone of thought, and peculiarity of dramatic logic, they refer *King John* to the same period of the author's life with *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. In all these respects it strikes us rather as having something of an intermediate cast between *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Merchant of Venice*. We are persuaded, though we should be troubled to tell why, that it was written some time before the two parts of *King Henry IV*. The play, especially in the first three acts, has a certain smoothness and fluency of diction, an uniformity of pause, and a regularity of cadence; therewithal, the persons deliver themselves somewhat in the style of set speeches, rather as authors striving for effect, than as men and women stirred by the real passions and interests of life; there is something of a bookish grandiloquent tang in the dialogue: all which smacks as if the Poet had here written more from what he had read in books, or heard at the theater, than from what his most prying, quick, and apprehensive ear had overheard of the hitherto unwritten drama of actual and possible men. These peculiarities, to be sure, have been partly justified by Schlegel, as growing naturally out of the subject: still we must needs think them to have proceeded mainly from the undergraduate state, so to speak, of the author's genius. "In *King John*," says that accomplished scholar and critic, "the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they have little of true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch speak in the style of a manifesto. Conventional dignity is most indispensable where personal dignity is wanting. Faulconbridge is the witty interpreter of this language: he ridicules the secret springs of politics, without disapproving of them; for he owns that he is endeavoring to make his fortune by similar means, and would rather be of the deceivers than the deceived, there being in his view of the world no other choice." In

the last two acts, however, we have much more of the full-grown Shakespeare, sure-footed and self-supporting: the hidden elements of character, and the secret subtle shapings and turnings of guilty thought, shining out in clear transparence, or flashing forth amidst the very stress of action and the exigencies of passion; with frequent kindlings of poetic and dramatic inspiration, such as might befit his wealthiest years.

That the reader may have the whole matter before him here, we will present, as briefly as may be, so much of actual history as will throw light directly upon the play, omitting, however, such points as we have already noticed. In 1190, when Arthur was but two years old, his uncle Richard I contracted him in marriage with the daughter of Tancred, king of Sicily, at the same time owning him as "our most dear nephew, and heir, if by chance we should die without issue." At Richard's death, however, in 1199, John produced a testament of his brother, giving him the crown. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine were the proper patrimony of the Plantagenets, and therefore devolved to Arthur as the acknowledged representative of that house, the rule of lineal succession being there fully settled. To the ducal chair of Brittany Arthur was the proper heir in right of his father, and his mother was then duchess regnant of that province. John claimed the dukedom of Normandy, and his claim was there allowed, as the proper inheritance from his ancestor, William the Conqueror. Poictou and Guienne were the inheritance of his mother Elinor; but she made over her title to him; and there also his claim was recognized. The English crown he claimed in virtue of his brother's testament; but took care, as we have seen, to strengthen that claim with whatsoever of force might accrue from a popular election. In the strict order of hereditary right, all these possessions, be it observed, were due to Arthur; but that order, it appears, was not fully established, save in the three provinces belonging to the house of Anjou.

As duke of Brittany, Arthur was a vassal of France,

and therefore bound to homage as the condition of his title. Constance, feeling his need of a protector, engaged to Philip Augustus, the French king, that he should do homage also for the other provinces, where his right was clogged by no such conditions. Philip accordingly met him at Mans, received his oath, gave him knighthood, and took him to Paris. Philip was cunning, ambitious and unscrupulous, and his plan was to drive his own interests in Arthur's name: with the prince entirely in his power, he could use him as an ally or as a prisoner, whichever would best serve his turn; and in effect "Arthur was a puppet in his hands, to be set up or knocked down, as he desired to bully or cajole John out of the territories he claimed in France." In the year 1200 Philip was at war with John in pretended maintenance of Arthur's rights; but before the close of the year the war ended in a peace, by the terms of which John was to pay twenty thousand marks, and give his niece, Blanch of Castile, in marriage to Lewis the Dauphin, with a dowry of several valuable fiefs, and was acknowledged rightful heir to his late brother; and Arthur was to hold even his own Brittany as a vassal of John, and was created earl of Richmond. At the time of this treaty Constance was still alive; and Arthur, fearing, it is said, his uncle's treachery, remained in the care of Philip. In less than two years, however, the peace was broken. John, though his former wife was still living, having seized and married Isabella of Angouleme, already betrothed to the Count de la Marche, the Count headed an insurrection in Aquitaine, and Philip joined him, brought Arthur again upon the scene, and made him raise the flag of war against his uncle. For some time Philip was carrying all before him in the French territories of his adversary, till at length Arthur was sent with a small force against the town of Mirabeau, where his grandmother Elinor was stationed; and while he was besieging her in the castle, John, being apprised of her danger, "used such diligence that he was upon his enemies' necks ere they could understand any thing of his coming." His mother was quickly relieved,

Arthur fell into his hands, and was conveyed to the castle of Falaise; and Philip withdrew from the contest, as the people would have nothing to do with him but as the protector of their beloved Prince.

The capture of Arthur took place in July, 1202. The story of what presently followed is thus told by Holinshed: "It is said that King John caused his nephew to be brought before him at Falaise, and went about to persuade him all that he could to forsake his friendship and alliance with the French king, and to lean and stick to him his natural uncle. But Arthur, like one that wanted good counsel, and abounding too much in his own wilful opinion, made a presumptuous answer, not only denying so to do, but also commanding John to restore unto him the realms of England, with all those other lands and possessions which King Richard had in his hand at the hour of his death. . . . King John, being sore moved by such words thus uttered by his nephew, appointed that he should be straitly kept in prison."

The king then betook himself to England, and had his coronation repeated by Hubert the Primate, who, by the way, must not be confounded with Hubert de Burgh, the jailer of the young prince; and shortly after he returned to France, where, a rumor being spread abroad of Arthur's death, the nobles made great suit to have him set at liberty, and, not prevailing in that, banded together, and "began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places, insomuch that it was thought there would be no quiet in those parts, so long as Arthur lived." A charge of murder being then carried to the French court, and the king being summoned thither for trial, he refused; whereupon the court gave judgment, that "whereas John, duke of Normandy, in violation of his oath to Philip his lord, had murdered the son of his elder brother, an homager of the crown of France, and near kinsman to the king, and had perpetrated the crime within the seigniory of France, he was found guilty of felony and treason, and was therefore adjudged to forfeit all the lands which he held by homage."

Thence sprung up a war in which John was totally stripped of his French possessions, and at last stole off with inexpressible baseness and cowardice to England.

The quarrel between John and the Pope did not break out till 1207. First came the interdict, then, some years after, the excommunication, and finally, at a like interval, the deposition, Philip being engaged, as we have already seen, to go with an army and execute the sentence; wherein he was likely to succeed, till, John having made his submission, the Pope took his side against the French king. John died in 1216, amidst his contests with the barons touching Magna Charta. Sundry critics have complained that the Poet made no use of this celebrated instrument, and did not even once allude to it in the play. Concerning which point we need but say that, besides that Magna Charta was then little known and less cared for by any but lawyers, it was nowise legitimate matter of dramatic interest. So that the complaint may be set aside at once as altogether impertinent.

The characterization of this play in the degree of excellence corresponds very well with the period to which we have on other grounds assigned the writing. The king, as he stands in authentic history, was such a piece of irredeemable depravity, so thoroughly rotten-hearted, weak-headed, and bloody-handed, that to set him forth truly without seeming to be dealing in caricature or lampoon, required no little art. The Poet was under the necessity in some sort of leaving his qualities to be inferred, instead of directly expressing them: the point was to disguise his meannesses, and yet so to order that disguise as to suggest that it covered something too vile to be seen. And what could better infer his cringing, cowardly, slinking, yet malignant spirit, than his two scenes with Hubert de Burgh, where he durst not look his purpose in the face; and his base mind dodges and skulks and backs out from fathering its own issues; and he tries by hints and fawning innuendoes to secure the passage of his thought into effect, without committing himself to any responsibility for

it; and wants another should be the agent of his will, and yet bear the blame as if acting of his own accord; and then, when the consequences begin to threaten and press upon him, he accuses the aptness of the instrument as the cause of his suggestion; and the only sagacity he shows is in shirking and shifting the responsibility of his own guilty purpose; his sneaking selfish fear inspiring him with a quickness and fertility of thought, such as he could never exert in any good cause.

The genius and art of Mrs. Siddons, to which the part of Constance was no doubt peculiarly fitted, have apparently caused the critics of her time, and their immediate followers, to set a higher estimate upon the character than seems fully borne out by the work itself. The abatement, however, that we would make refers not so much to the idea of the character, as to the style of the execution, wherein we cannot but think her far from exemplifying the Poet's full strength and inwardness with nature. That idea is well stated by Hazlitt as "the excess of maternal tenderness, rendered desperate by the fickleness of friends and the injustice of fortune, and made stronger in will, in proportion to the want of all other power." The character, though drawn in the best of situations for its amiability to appear, is not a very amiable one, and therein is perhaps the truer to history, as the chroniclers make her out rather selfish and weak; not so religious in motherhood, but that she betrayed a rather unhandsome impatience of widowhood. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the voice of maternal grief and affection speaks from her lips with not a little majesty of pathos, and occasionally flows in strains of the most melting tenderness: though in general the effect of her sorrow is marred by too great an infusion of anger; in her grief she has too much pride, self-will, and volubility of scorn, to have the full touch of our sympathies; her speech being stinging and spiteful, and sounding quite as much of the intemperate scold, as of the broken-hearted and disconsolate mother. As to the execution of the part, there is in many of her speeches too much

of what we have already referred to as smacking more of the author than of the woman; redundancy of rhetoric and verbal ingenuity giving them something of a theatrical relish, as though they were spoken rather for effect than from true feeling.

As Shakespeare used the allowable license of art in stretching the life of Constance beyond its actual date, that he might enrich his work with the eloquence of a mother's love; so he took a like freedom in making Arthur younger than he really was, that he might in larger measure pour in the sweetness of childish innocence and wit. At all events, we cannot in either case blame the fault, if it be one, the issue of it being so proper. And in Arthur he gained thereby the further advantage, that the sparing of his eyes is owing to his potency of tongue and the awful might of unresisting gentleness; whereas in actual history he is indebted for this to his strength of arm. The Arthur of the play is an artless, gentle, natural-hearted, but high-spirited and eloquent boy, in whom we have the voice of nature pleading for nature's rights, unrestrained by pride of character or of place; who at first braves his uncle, because set on to do so by his mother, and afterwards fears him, yet knows not why, because his heart is too full of the holiness of youth to conceive how any thing so treacherous and unnatural can be, as that which he fears. In his dying speech,—"O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones,"—our impression against John is most artfully heightened, all his foregoing inhumanity being, as it were, gathered and concentrated into an echo. Of the scene between him and Hubert, when he learns the order to put out his eyes, Hazlitt justly says,—"If any thing ever were penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene." Yet even here the tender pathos of the loving and lovely boy is marred by some artificial conceits and prettinesses which we cannot believe Shakespeare would have let fall in his best days. The Poet has several times thrown the sweet witchery of his genius into pictures of

nursery life, bringing children upon the scene, and delighting us with their innocent archness and sweet-witted prattle, as in case of Hermione and Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale,* and of Lady Macduff and her son in *Macbeth;* but the part of Arthur is by far his most charming and powerful thing in that line. That his glorious, manly heart loved to make childhood its playmate, cannot be doubted.

The reign of King John furnished no characters fully answerable to the demands of dramatic interest. To meet this want, therefore, there was need of one or more "representative" characters,—men in whom should be centralized and consolidated various elements of national character, which were in fact dispersed through a multitude of individuals. And such is Faulconbridge, with his fiery flood of Norman vigor bounding through his veins, his irrepressible gush of animal spirits, his athletic and frolicsome wit, his big, brave, manly heart, his biting sword, and his tongue equally biting, afraid of nothing but to do what were dishonorable or wrong. And with all his laughing roughness of speech, and iron sternness of act, so blunt, bold, and downright, he is full of humane and gentle feeling. With what burning eloquence of indignation does he denounce the supposed murder of Arthur! though he has no thought of abetting his claim to the throne against the present occupant. The Poet has managed with great art that he may be held to John throughout the play, by ties which he is too clear of head and too upright of heart to think of renouncing. "In the outset he receives honor from the hands of John,—and he is grateful: in the conclusion he sees his old patron, weak indeed and guilty, but surrounded with enemies,—and he will not be faithless." In his clear-sighted and comprehensive patriotism the diverse interests that split others into factions, and plunge them into deadly strife, are smoothly reconciled; and he is ready with tongue and sword to beat down whatsoever anywhere obstructs the reign of a broad and generous nationality. Verily, he stands next to Falstaff as an ideal repre-

sentative of actual men. Thoroughly Gothic in features and proportions, and as thoroughly English in temper and spirit, his presence rays life and true manliness into every part of the drama, where they would else be wanting. Is it strange that a nation which could grow such originals should have beaten all the rest of the world in everything useful, or beautiful, or great?

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

KING JOHN

The character of King John himself is kept pretty much in the background; it is only marked in by comparatively slight indications. The crimes he is tempted to commit are such as are thrust upon him rather by circumstances and opportunity than of his own seeking: he is here represented as more cowardly than cruel, and as more contemptible than odious. The play embraces only a part of his history. There are, however, few characters on the stage that excite more disgust and loathing. He has no intellectual grandeur or strength of character to shield him from the indignation which his immediate conduct provokes: he stands naked and defenseless, in that respect, to the worst we can think of him: and besides, we are impelled to put the very worst construction on his meanness and cruelty by the tender picture of the beauty and helplessness of the object of it, as well as by the frantic and heart-rending pleadings of maternal despair. We do not forgive him the death of Arthur, because he had too late revoked his doom and tried to prevent it; and perhaps because he has himself repented of his black design, our *moral sense* gains courage to hate him the more for it. We take him at his word, and think his purposes must be odious indeed, when he himself shrinks back from them.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

ARTHUR

As to Arthur, he is scarcely a dramatic character with the rest, but rather a vision of something too gentle to be

human, too good for human tears; and while literary judgment is suspended, description must take refuge in similitude; he is, let us say, a fledgling dove in a cage of vultures, a frail Alpine hare-bell swept down by an avalanche: such innocence, tender pity, and gentle pathos were never blended and embodied before or since in drama or poem.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

Shakespeare has endowed his Arthur not with the charm of precocious talent, but with the pathos and shrinking tenderness of childhood: "I am not worth this coil that 's made for me"; and, instead of incurring reproof, it is he who, almost in Elinor's words, appeals to his own fiery advocate to cease pleading: "Good my mother, peace!" Of the death of the princes we have in the earlier play no more than a brief though exquisite picture; but Arthur's perilous captivity is displayed in the most tender and sympathetic dramatic detail; and the pathos of the scene is derived, not from an accumulation of harrowing details, but from the ideal loveliness of childlike character which unfolds itself under the stress of Hubert's threat.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

THE DISPUTED SUCCESSION

After the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in virtue of a testament of this king, and at the instigation of the queen-mother Elinor, the rightful heir of England, the young Arthur of Bretagne, is excluded from the throne, and Richard's brother John becomes his successor. The old Elinor —an offense to morality, as Constance upbraids her in our present play and as history exhibits her—an Ate, as the play names her, who in the reign of her husband, Henry II, stirred up the sons against their father, as she now did the dying Richard against the lawful heir—this Elinor is the political genius and guide of her son John. His succession serves her ambition and gratifies her hatred of Arthur's mother, Constance, who, according to Elinor's declaration,

sought on her side the throne for her son only with the ambitious design of ruling herself and "kindling all the world." Constance and her adherents call John a base usurper; John at first, in opposition to his mother, seems to trust his right as much as "his strong possession;" but his mother whispers in his ear as a secret that his throne rests more on strong possession than on right. The testament of the former king, which she has procured, and its judicial validity, rest as the dubious point between the indubitable right of Arthur and the usurpation of John. On his side is the actual possession, on Arthur's and his mother's the armed assistance of an apparently generous friend, the King of France.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare-Commentaries.*

There is a degree of uncertainty allowed to rest in the play, on the true claim of John or Arthur to the crown, which expresses, not so much the hesitations of historians with which a poet has nothing to do, but an actual condition of things. John is found in strong possession, strong in itself in his personal qualities and in national support; beyond this, Queen Elinor, it is true, hints at a will in his favor barring the claim of Arthur of Brittany, the representative of the elder branch, but she scarcely cares to insist on it. Although, however, Elinor whispers a protest of conscience when John appeals to his right; though even Faulconbridge over the dead body of Arthur recognizes some sacred sanction of his prior claim, while it is assumed by the allies of Constance as self-evident; still there is in the abstract such superior fitness of John for his position, and backed by willing English barons, he appears to such advantage in opposition to the allies of Arthur, that we are left with the impression that with such allegiance he had in truth a better claim, had he understood the just principles of sovereign claim, than even he himself supposes.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

JOHN AND THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

John would inspire Hubert with his murderous purpose rather like some vague influence than like a personal will, obscurely as some pale mist works which creeps across the fields, and leaves blight behind it in the sunshine. He trembles lest he should have said too much; he trembles lest he should not have said enough; at last the nearer fear prevails, and the words "death," "a grave," form themselves upon his lips. Having touched a spring which will produce assassination he furtively withdraws himself from the mechanism of crime. It suits the king's interest afterwards that Arthur should be living, and John adds to his crime the baseness of a miserable attempt by chicanery and timorous sophisms to transfer the responsibility of murder from himself to his instrument and accomplice. He would fain darken the eyes of his conscience and of his understanding.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

DRAMATIC USE OF ARTHUR

Shakespeare keeps Arthur alive, after the fashion of the old play, for some years after the real date of his death, and uses him as a dramatic puppet in events which had no relation whatever with him or his claims upon the English throne. Indeed this use of Arthur Plantagenet is the great puzzle in any effort to discriminate between what is historical in the play and what is purely dramatic license. The reader of the play must infer that this twelve-year-old boy was the central figure of human and political interest in the England of that day. He was nothing of the kind. He was of very small importance in the actual shuffling of the cards. But he offered dramatic material of considerable value, and Shakespeare used him, as the older dramatists did, without reference to the chronicles and with no attempt at preserving the real perspective of history.

Thus the assumed position of Arthur, as an abused and

oppressed rightful claimant to the throne, is connected, on no legitimate grounds whatever, with the quarrel between the Pope and King John; and also with the revolts of the Barons. All the critics note the importance attributed by the play to Arthur's movements, but not all of them point out the gross anachronism thus involved.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

CONSTANCE

That which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance is power—power of imagination, of will, of passion, of affection, of pride: the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient; or rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical coloring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance—the fluctuations of temper, and the bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears, are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; while neither from her towering pride, nor her strength of intellect, can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to endure. . . .

Constance, who is a majestic being, is majestic in her very frenzy. Majesty is also the characteristic of Hermione [in *A Winter's Tale*]: but what a difference between her silent, lofty, uncomplaining despair, and the eloquent grief of Constance, whose wild lamentations, which come bursting forth clothed in the grandest, the most poetical imagery, not only melt, but absolutely electrify us!

On the whole it may be said that pride and maternal affection form the basis of the character of Constance, as it is exhibited to us; but that these passions, in an equal degree common to many human beings, assume their peculiar and individual tinge from an extraordinary development of intellect and fancy. It is the energy of passion which lends the character its concentrated power as it is the prevalence of imagination throughout which dilates it into magnificence.

Some of the most splendid poetry to be met with in Shakespeare, may be found in the parts of Juliet and Constance; the most splendid, perhaps, excepting only the parts of Lear and Othello; and for the same reason,—that Lear and Othello as men, and Juliet and Constance as women, are distinguished by the predominance of the same faculties—passion and imagination.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Constance is drawn with far more delicate insight than any of the women in *Richard III*, and is the most highly elaborated female figure in the historical plays. She is another of that numerous company in Shakspere's earlier dramas whose sensibilities are developed to an extravagant degree. Her instinct of maternal affection is not chastened by reason into a moral principle, but is inflamed by an imagination of hectic brilliance into an abnormal passion that swallows up every thought and energy. It is this exaggerated imagination, as Mrs. Jameson has rightly insisted, that is the controlling force in the nature of Constance. The impetuous ardor of her fancy gives a special quality to her maternal love. The very attribute that is wont to be the source of all that is tenderest in womanhood breeds in her ambition, scorn, and hysterical passion, till at last it consumes her in its fires.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

Constance is a sublime personification of the maternal character, lashed into frenzy by the potency of will, but

impotence of power to right herself of the injustice with which she is surrounded. She is a lioness at bay, her resources failed, and her retreat cut off. In the blind desire to secure her child's birthright, and in her wrath at his oppression, she fatally loses sight of the great privilege of his existence. How true to nature all this, and how accurately do we trace the gradual subsiding of her spirit of fury and resentment into an outpouring of tenderness and deprecation, as all her hopes and prospects of success fade away.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

Philip Faulconbridge is an interesting study. It would appear that Shakespeare intended to have him represent the sturdy heart of English manhood, which, while often misused, humiliated, and beaten back, finally conquered and rose to its proper place in the making of later and nobler England, as the commons; not the legislature of that name narrowly, but the makers of legislatures. So while Philip Faulconbridge was an imaginary character he was not an imaginary force.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

Of all the characters in the play, he [Faulconbridge] is the most independent, the most vigorous; a man bound by no prejudice, or by any consideration of the past. This advantage he owes to his very birth which connects him with the reigning dynasty, but also with the people. His motives are of the purest, or, at least, gradually become motives of pure, devoted patriotism and knightly honor; hence he alone can, with impunity, speak the truth to all, and he says it with that overflowing wealth of humor, which, according to Shakspeare's psychology, is generally at the command of minds in a truly vigorous and healthy state. This humor—which does not proceed from subtle reflection, but which springs forth from the genuine, energetic and straightforward naturalness of his disposi-

tion, as from a clear mountain spring, whose source lies high above the abodes of corrupt civilization—he applies, with bold and pertinent epithets, to ridicule the selfishness, the cowardliness and pretentiousness, the fickleness and untruthfulness of the leading characters of the action, as well as the low selfishness of the policy both of Church and State; in the mirror of his cutting irony, he shows us the rotten condition of both. As he alone bears within his breast the enduring, restoring and saving power of morality, so it is mainly through him that England is saved from the misery of civil strife, from the claws of France and of the papacy.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

ELINOR OF GUIENNE

Queen Elinor preserved to the end of her life her influence over her children, and appears to have merited their respect. While entrusted with the government, during the absence of Richard I, she ruled with a steady hand, and made herself exceedingly popular; and as long as she lived to direct the counsels of her son John, his affairs prospered. For that intemperate jealousy which converted her into a domestic firebrand, there was at least much cause, though little excuse. Elinor had hated and wronged the husband of her youth [Louis VII of France], and she had afterwards to endure the negligence and innumerable infidelities of [Henry II of England,] the husband whom she passionately loved:—"and so the whirly-gig of time brought in his revenges." Elinor died in 1203, a few months after Constance, and before the murder of Arthur —a crime which, had she lived, would probably never have been consummated; for the nature of Elinor, though violent, had no tincture of the baseness and cruelty of her son. —Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

BLANCHE OF CASTILE

In her exceeding beauty and blameless reputation; her love for her husband, and strong domestic affections; her pride of birth and rank; her feminine gentleness of deportment; her firmness of temper; her religious bigotry; her love of absolute power and her upright and conscientious administration of it, Blanche greatly resembled Maria Theresa of Austria. She was, however, of a more cold and calculating nature; and in proportion as she was less amiable as a woman, did she rule more happily for herself and others. There cannot be a greater contrast than between the acute understanding, the steady temper, and the cool intriguing policy of Blanche, by which she succeeded in disuniting and defeating the powers arrayed against her and her infant son, and the rash confiding temper and susceptible imagination of Constance, which rendered herself and her son easy victims to the fraud or ambition of others. Blanche, during forty years, held in her hands the destinies of the greater part of Europe, and is one of the most celebrated names recorded in history.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

MAGNA CHARTA

Nor does a single phrase, a single syllable, in the whole play, refer to the event which, for all after-times, is inseparably associated with the memory of King John—the signing of the Magna Charta. The reason of this is evidently, in the first place, that Shakespeare kept close to the earlier drama, and, in the second place, that he did not attribute to the event the importance it really possessed, did not understand that the Magna Charta laid the foundation of popular liberty, by calling into existence a middle class which supported even the House of Tudor in its struggle with an overweening oligarchy. But the chief reason why the Magna Charta is not mentioned was, no doubt, that Elizabeth did not care to be reminded of it. She

was not fond of any limitations of her royal prerogative, and did not care to recall the defeats suffered by her predecessors in their struggles with warlike and independent vassals. And the nation was willing enough to humor her in this respect. People felt that they had to thank her government for a greater national revival, and therefore showed no eagerness either to vindicate popular rights against her, or to see them vindicated in stage-history. It was not until long after, under the Stuarts, that the English people began to cultivate its constitution. The chronicle-writers of the period touch very lightly upon the barons' victory over King John in the struggle for the Great Charter; and Shakespeare thus followed at once his own personal bias with regard to history, and the current of his age.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ADAPTER

People have tried, at one time or another, to show that Shakespeare must have belonged to almost every conceivable trade and profession—he has so wonderful a technical knowledge, we are told, of lawyering, doctoring, soldiering, even grave-digging. There is but one thing which, to the best of my knowledge, has never been attempted: which is, to prove that he was a really good stage-manager, that he had a thorough knowledge of what may be called the business part of his art.

For, as a matter of fact, very few purely literary critics see how all-important such skill is to every dramatist—what it has done, above all, for Shakespeare. The principles and details of the construction of plays for the stage, their division into acts and scenes, and the minor rules which regulate such matters as entrances, exits, and so forth, may seem but small things compared with the power which creates living characters, the genius which produces the highest poetry; yet those lesser qualities were in very truth indispensable to his universal fame. Shakespeare would never have been read as widely, nor studied as

closely, as he now is by every class, had he not been acted always and everywhere. There is not an evening in the year during which at some provincial theater in England some play of Shakespeare is not being acted; "on an emergency," country managers will tell you, "we always put up *Hamlet*." No other dramatist ever kept the stage for three hundred years; no other dramatist ever bore translation into every tongue; no other ever so pleased every class of audience, from the roughs of California to the most cultivated gatherings of artists, poets, critics. It cannot be his poetry, his philosophy, his drawing of character, which have thus supremely fitted him for the stage; they could hardly *tell* so through bad acting and bad translation. It is the way in which he makes the framework of his plots, in which he presents his story and his characters, that gives force to his strong "situations," and secures their effect, under however unfavorable circumstances.—Rose, *King John*, in the *Quarto Facsimile Shakespeare*.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S TREATMENT OF HIS MATERIAL

Though it is quite true that no good play can be made of the historic John, who degraded himself from the representative of England's independence into the Pope's tool, from a man into a cur, yet it is clear that the old Playwright made a very fair drama on the subject for his time. That scene xi of Part I, p. 41–2, when the Bastard finds the Nun locked up in the Prior's chest "to hide her from lay men," and then discovers "Friar Lawrence" locked up in the ancient Nun's chest, must have been a very telling one on the Elizabethan stage: you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it. So also must the Faulconbridge incident, I, i, p. 7–17, and the Bastard killing Limoges on the stage, Pt. I, sc. xi, p. 35, have been thoroughly appreciated. Besides these scenes, the pathos of Arthur's death, the patriotism of the resistance to the Pope, and to

John's oppressive taxation, the treachery of the French turning the nobles back to their allegiance, the final echo of the Chronicler,

> "Let *England* live but true within it selfe,
> And all the world can never wrong her state. . . .
> If England's Peeres and people ioyne in one,
> Nor Pope, nor *France,* nor *Spain* can doo them wrong,"—

all these points must have appealed strongly to an audience of Elizabeth's time, to whom home strife, Armada threats, disputed succession to the throne, and Papal intrigues, were matters of lifelong familiarity.—FURNIVALL, *King John,* in the *Quarto Facsimile of Shakespeare.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King John
Prince Henry, *son to the king*
Arthur, *Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king*
The Earl of Pembroke
The Earl of Essex
The Earl of Salisbury
The Lord Bigot
Hubert De Burgh
Robert Faulconbridge, *son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge*
Philip the Bastard, *his half-brother*
James Gurney, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge*
Peter of Pomfret, *a prophet*

Philip, *king of France*
Lewis, *the Dauphin*
Lymoges, Duke of Austria
Cardinal Pandulph, *the Pope's legate*
Melun, *a French lord*
Chatillon, *ambassador from France to King John*

Queen Elinor, *mother to King John*
Constance, *mother to Arthur*
Blanch of Spain, *niece to King John*
Lady Faulconbridge

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

Scene: *Partly in England, and partly in France*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion died, the crown of England should have come to his son, Prince Arthur, but his brother John usurped it. Philip of France supports the claims of Arthur and threatens to make war on England. In return John plans an invasion of France and appoints a natural son of Richard as one of the generals under the name and title of Sir Richard Plantagenet.

ACT II

An indecisive battle is fought between the English and French before Angiers in France and afterward a treaty of peace is concluded between the two kings. Blanche, niece to King John, is married to Lewis, Dauphin of France, and for her dowry the English king relinquishes certain English provinces.

ACT III

John refuses to obey a mandate of the Pope and is excommunicated. The papal legate demands that Philip refuse to abide by the terms of the treaty "on peril of a curse." John and Philip again take up arms and the French are defeated in battle. The prince Arthur is taken prisoner and John gives instructions for his murder.

ACT IV

Hubert, an English courtier, is commissioned by John to burn out Arthur's eyes; but the boy's entreaties weaken

Hubert's resolution and he risks disobeying the king's instructions. The French under the Dauphin invade England. Arthur attempts to escape from his prison by leaping from the castle walls, but he is hurt to the death by the stones on which he falls. His body is found by three nobles who, already discontented with John and believing the prince murdered by his order, desert him and join the Dauphin.

ACT V

John, thinking to arrest the invasion of the French, yields to the papal demands. But Lewis refuses to turn back, claiming the crown by right of his marriage since Arthur is dead. A strongly contested battle ensues, but the result is indecisive. The English lords who had joined the French return to their allegiance in time to be pardoned by John before his death from a poison given him by a monk. The French willingly conclude a peace with the English and John's son ascends the throne as Henry III.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

ACT FIRST

Scene I

King John's Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behavior to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrowed majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly witheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my canon shall be heard:

15. *"Thy nephew and right royal sovereign";* as Richard I died without lawful issue, the crown in the strict order of succession would have fallen to his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany, then in his twelfth year. But the crown was then partly elective, the nation choosing from the members of the royal family the one they thought fittest for the office. Arthur held the duchy of Brittany in right of his father, Geffrey Plantagenet, an elder brother of John. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, the ancient patrimony of the house of Anjou, were his by hereditary right. As Duke of Brittany Arthur was a vassal of Philip Augustus, King of France; and Constance engaged to Philip that her son should do him homage also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poictou, on condition that Philip should support his claim to the English crown. England having declared for John, the play opens with Philip's interference in behalf of Arthur.—H. N. H.

20. According to the Cambridge editors the line must probably be scanned as an Alexandrine, reading the first *"controlment"* in the time of a trisyllable and the second as a quadrisyllable. This seems very doubtful; the irregularity of the line is not remarkable; there is merely an extra syllable before the pause:—

Contról|ment fór| contrólment || so áns|wer Fránce.|—I. G.

26. *"The thunder of my cannon";* the Poet here anticipates the use

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honorable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

of gunpowder by about a hundred years. Thus, again, in Act ii. he speaks of "bullets wrapp'd in fire." A similar anachronism occurs in Macbeth, Act i. sc. 2: "They were as *cannons* overcharg'd with double cracks." John's reign began in 1199, and cannon are said to have been first used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346. In all these cases Shakespeare simply aimed to speak the language that was most intelligible to his audience, rendering the ancient engines of war by their modern equivalents. Of course he is found fault with by those who in a drama prefer chronological accuracy to dramatic effect.—H. N. H.

28. *"sullen presage of your own decay";* there is perhaps an allusion here to the dismal passing-bell, as Steevens suggested; according to Delius, the trumpet of doom is alluded to. There is, however, no difficulty in the thought as it stands, without these references to a secondary idea.—I. G.

34. *"Her son";* Elinor's hostility to Constance is thus accounted for by Holinshed: "Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself."—H. N. H.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his bastard brother.

What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

49. *"expedition's"*; first Folio *expeditious;* an obvious misprint.—I. G.

"Bastard brother"; Richard I died without lawful issue. Holinshed, speaking of the first year of John's reign, says,—"The same year also, Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell." The old play furnished Shakespeare a slight hint towards the character:

"Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous."—H. N. H.

54. *"Cœur-de-lion"; "Cordelion";* in the Folios and old play; perhaps the spelling should be kept as the popular form of the name.

K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honor with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honor and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father and this son like him,

54. *"knighted in the field";* in *"The Troublesome Reign"* he is knighted at the siege of Acon or Acre, by the title of Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Montbery.—I. G.

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!
K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!
Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he has a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—
Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores

85. *"trick";* it has been suggested that *"trick"* is used here in the heraldic sense of "copy"; it would seem, however, to be used in a less definite sense.—I. G.

Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

137. *"Lord of thy presence";* that is, the possessor of thy own dignified and manly appearance, resembling thy great progenitor. In Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem of The Happy Man, we have a line resembling this:

"Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing yet hath all."—H. N. H.

139. *"sir Robert's his,"* so the Folios; Theobald proposed *"sir Robert his,"* regarding *"his"* as the old genitive form; Vaughan *"just sir Robert's shape";* Schmidt takes the *"'s his"* as a reduplicative possessive. Surely *"his"* is used substantively with that rollicking effect which is so characteristic of Faulconbridge. There is no need to explain the phrase as equivalent to "his shape, which is also his father Sir Robert's"; "sir Robert's his"=*"sir Robert's shape," "his"* emphasizing substantively the previous pronominal use of the word.—I. G.

143. *"Look, where three-farthings goes";* three-farthing pieces of silver were coined in 1561 (discontinued in 1582); they were very thin, and were distinguished from the silver pence by an impression of the queen's profile, with a rose behind her ear.—I. G.

145. *"to";* that is, *in addition* to it.—H. N. H.

147. *"I would not";* Folio 1 reads *"It would not,"* probably a misprint, though Delius makes *"it"* refer to *"His face."*—I. G.

"sir Nob," Sir Robert.—C. H. H.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.
Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honor, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,

153. *"sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear";* carrying on the jest of l. 94, where it was valued at a groat (*i. e.* 4d.).—C. H. H.

162. *"Plantagenet"* was not the original name of the house of Anjou; but a surname formerly bestowed upon a member of the family, from his wearing a *broom-stalk,* that is, *planta genista,* in his bonnet.—H. N. H.

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty. 181
[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*
A foot of honor better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honor doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,

171. *"Or else o'er the hatch";* these expressions were common in the time of Shakespeare for being born out of wedlock.—H. N. H.

180. *"Good fortune come to thee";* there was an old proverb,—"Bastards are born lucky." The speaker here wishes his brother may have good fortune, and implies that, had he been unlawfully begotten, the wish had been needless; alluding to the proverb.—H. N. H.

184. *"any Joan,"* any peasant-girl.—C. H. H.

189. *"Your conversion";* so in the original, which Pope changed to *conversing.* The speaker calls his *new-made honor a conversion,* that is, a change of condition; and means that to remember men's

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time

names is to be too careful, to punctilious, too *respective,* for one of his newly-acquired rank.—H. N. H.

190. *"My worship's mess";* it is said, in *All's Well that Ends Well,* that "a traveler is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly-excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveler. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a traveled man who affected foreign fashions.—*"At my worship's mess"* means at that part of the table where I, as a *knight,* shall be placed.—*Your worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as *your honor* was to a lord.—H. N. H.

193. *"My picked man of countries"* may be equivalent to *my traveled fop: picked* generally signified affected, over nice, or curious in dress. *Conquisite* is explained in the dictionaries *exquisitely, pickedly:* so that our modern *exquisites* and *dandies* are of the same race.—H. N. H.

196. *"Absey book";* an A B C or *absey-book,* as it was then called, is a *catechism.*—H. N. H.

That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

208. *"Smack of observation";* that is, he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has traveled and made observations in foreign countries.—H. N. H.

216. *"strew the footsteps,"* etc., *i. e.* make my footing surer.—C. H. H.

219. *"Blow a horn before her";* a double allusion,—to the *horn* which a *post* blows to announce his coming, and to such a *horn* as the speaker's mother had bestowed on her husband.—H. N. H.

225. *"Colbrand"* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. *The History of Guy* was a popular book in the Poet's age. Drayton has described the combat in his *Poly-Olbion,* Song xii.

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Aye, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There's toys abroad: anon I 'll tell thee more.
[*Exit Gurney.*
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom I am beholding for these limbs?

231. *"Sparrow";* Warburton conjectured this should be, *spare me;* whereupon Coleridge has the following: "Nothing can be more lively or characteristic than 'Philip? sparrow!' Had Warburton read old Skelton's *Philip Sparrow,* an exquisite and original poem, and, no doubt, popular in Shakespeare's time, even Warburton would scarcely have made so deep a plunge into the *bathetic* as to have deathified *sparrow* into *spare me.*" The sparrow was called Philip, because its note resembles that name. Thus in Lyly's *Mother Bombie: "Phip, phip,* the sparrows as they fly." And Catullus, in his *Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow,* formed the verb *pipilabat,* to express the note of that bird. Of course the new Sir Richard tosses off the name Philip with affected contempt.—*Toys,* in the next line, means rumors, idle reports.—H. N. H.

234–235. *"eat his part upon Good-Friday";* evidently a popular proverb, *cp.* Heywood's *Dialogue upon Proverbs:*

"He may his part on Good Friday eat,
And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geat" (i. e. *get*).
—I. G.

Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honor?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land;
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?
Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offense,
Which was so strongly urged past my defense.

244. *"Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like";* an allusion to the old play called *"Soliman and Perseda"* (printed 1599, written probably some ten years before); Piston the buffoon, representing the old Vice of the Morality Plays, jumps on the back of Basilisco, the bragging coward, and makes him take oath on his dagger:—

Bas. *"I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight, knight,—*
Pist. *Knave, good fellow, knave, knave."*
(*cp.* Dodsley's *Old Plays, ed.* Hazlitt, *Vol. v.* 271–2.)—I. G.

250. *"proper,"* comely.—C. H. H.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Aye, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

268. *"Robs lions of their hearts";* Rastell's *Chronicle* yields a good explanation of this: "It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beynge in prison, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapynge, he put his arm in his mouthe, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon, and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon; but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake." See, also, Percy's *Reliques,* introductory Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances.—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

France. Before Angiers.

Enter Austria and forces, drums, etc., on one side: on the other King Philip of France and his power; Lewis, Arthur, Constance and attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,

2. *"that great forerunner of thy blood";* Shakespeare, by some oversight, here makes Arthur directly descended from Richard.—I. G.

5. *"by this brave duke,"* so the old play. Richard was, however, slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, some years after the Duke's death.—I. G.

Richard I fell by the hand of one of his own vassals, the Viscount of Lymoges. Shakespeare followed the old play in making Lymoges and Austria the same person. Thus in Act iii. Constance says to the Archduke,—"O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame that bloody spoil." And in the old play: "The bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the lyon's skin." In point of fact, Leopold, the duke of Austria, who imprisoned Richard I, died by a fall from his horse in 1195, four years before John came to the throne.—H. N. H.

To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

27. *"secure and confident from foreign purposes,"* fearless of invasion.—C. H. H.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
K. Phi. Well, then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

40. *"Best advantages";* that is, to select the most advantageous places.—H. N. H.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humors of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offense and scath in Christendom.

[*Drum beats.*

60. Shakespeare uses *"expedient"* in the classical sense of *expeditious;* literally *free-footed.* From *expedire,* to hasten.—H. N. H.

63. *"Até";* the Goddess of Discord.—H. N. H.

64. *"her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain," i. e.* her granddaughter; Blanch was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso VIII King of Castile.—I. G.

65. *"of the king's deceased," i. e. "of the deceased king";* Folios 2, 3, 4, *"king";* but Folio 1, *"kings"="king's"* is idiomatically correct.—I. G.

73. *"Waft"* for *wafted.*—H. N. H.

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavor for defense;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armor here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:

This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,

101. *"large,"* full-grown form.—C. H. H.

103. *"huge";* Rowe read *"large,"* doubtless a misprint for *"huge"* restored by Capell.—I. G.

106. *"this is Geffrey's"; i. e.* this boy is Geffrey's son (and as such inheritor of his "right" to England). The phrase is ambiguous, but the other possible interpretations (*e. g.* this territory is Geffrey's) are less natural.—C. H. H.

113. *"breast";* Folio 1, *"beast."*—I. G.

119. *"Excuse; it is,"* etc.; Malone's correction of the Folios, *"Excuse it is";* Rowe (ed. 2) *"Excuse it, 'tis."*—I. G.

That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard:

123. *"a queen, and check the world";* an allusion to the queen at chess.—C. H. H.

131. *"If thou wert his mother";* Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis VII, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he divorced her. She was afterwards, in 1151, married to King Henry II.—H. N. H.

134. *"Hear the crier";* alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence* made by criers in the courts of justice.—H. N. H.

136. *"You alone";* the lion's skin was part of the spoil which the old play represented the Archduke of Austria as having taken from Richard I. Of course the Archduke wore it in honor of his exploit in killing Richard.—H. N. H.

137. *"of whom the proverb goes," i. e. "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant"; cp.* Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, *"Hares may pull dead lions by the 'beard.'"*—I. G.

I 'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.
K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

144. *"Great Alcides' shows upon an ass";* alluding to the skin of the Nemean lion won by Hercules. The Folios read *"shooes";* the reading of the text was first proposed by Theobald.—I. G.

149. *"King Philip,"* etc.; the line is printed in the Folios as part of Austria's speech, with *"King Lewis"* instead of *"King Philip";* the error was first corrected by Theobald.—I. G.

152. *"Anjou,"* Theobald's correction of *"Angiers"* of the Folios.—I. G.

156. *"Bretagne";* Folios 1, 2, *"Britaine";* Folio 3, *"Britain";* Folio 4, *Brittain."*—I. G.

159. ll. 159 to 197 considered as spurious by Pope.—I. G.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Aye, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,

160, 161. *"it,"* old form of possessive, so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *"yt . . . it";* Johnson, *"it' . . . it'";* Capell, *"it's . . . it's."* In the Lancashire dialect *"hit"* is still the common form of the possessive, an archaism used here in imitation of the language of the nursery.—I. G.

167. *"whether,"* monosyllabic; Folios 1, 2, 3, *"where";* Folio 4, *"whe're."*—I. G.

168. *"wrongs,"* the wrongs done by her.—C. H.

171. *"beads"* (playing on the original sense, "prayer").—C. H. H.

177. *"this is thy eld'st";* Capell's emendation of the Folios, *"this*

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Aye, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

is thy eldest"; Fleay proposed *"this' thy eld'st";* Ritson, *"thy eld'st,"* omitting *"this is."*—I. G.

180. *"the canon of the law," cp.* Exodus xx. 5.—I. G.

187. *"And with her plague; her sin his injury,"* etc.; the Folios, *"And with her plague her sin: his injury,"* etc. The punctuation adopted was first proposed by Mr. Roby, who explains the passage thus:—"God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin: all which (viz., her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child."—I. G.

196. *"aim";* Folio 1, *"ayme";* Folios 2, 3, 4, *"ay me";* Rowe conjectured *"amen";* Moberly, *"hem";* Jackson, *"shame";* Johnson, *"j'aime."*—I. G.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet Sounds. Enter certain Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for herself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

206. *"For our advantage,"* on our behalf. The French trumpet, blown on English territory, is admittedly sounded "for England"; John turns to account Philip's ambiguous expression.—C. H. H.

207. *"advanced," lifted.*—C. H. H.

215. *"Confronts your,"* Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, *"Comfort yours"*; Folios 3, 4, *"Comfort your"*; Rowe suggested, *"Confront your"*; Collier, *"Come 'fore your."*—I. G.

That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labor'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harborage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son of the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,

217. *"waist";* Folios 1, 2, 3, *"waste";* Folio 4, *"waiste"; "doth";* the singular by attraction to the preceding word; Rowe, *"do."*—I. G.

230. *"To make a faithless error in your ears,"* to seduce you to a breach of faith.—C. H. H.

234. *"Crave,"* so Pope; Folios read *"Craues."*—I. G.

Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offense seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbor'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

259. *"roundure,"* so Capell; Folios read *"rounder"*; Singer, *"rondure."*—I. G.

262. *"rude"*; Williams conjectured *"wide."*—I. G.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,

289. *"Mine hostess' door";* the reader will of course understand that the picture of St. George armed and mounted, as when he overthrew the Dragon, was used as an inkeeper's sign. Nothing could be more spiritedly characteristic of the speaker than his thus running

Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were
I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right! [*Exeunt.*

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolored earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play

his favorite war-cry into an humorous allusion. Mr. Knight points out a similar passage in Sir Walter Scott, where Callum Beg compares Waverley to "the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's.' "—H. N. H.

Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armors, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colors do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,

316. *"Frenchmen's blood";* Shakespeare has used this image again in Macbeth, Act ii. sc. 3: "Here lay Duncan, his *silver skin* laced with his *golden blood.*" It occurs also in Chapman's translation of the sixteenth Iliad: "The curets from great Hector's breast all *gilded with his gore.*"—H. N. H.

323. *"Dyed";* Folios 1, 2, 3, *"Dide";* Folio 4, *"dy'd."* Pope suggested *"Stain'd";* Vaughan, *"Dipp'd."*—I. G.

325. In the Folios "the first citizen" is throughout named "Hubert," in all probability owing to the fact that the actor of the part of Hubert also took this minor character of the play.—I. G.

From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers, severally.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,

335. *"run,"* so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *"rome"*; Malone reads, *"roam"*; Nicholson conjectured, *"foam."*—I. G.

Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?
First. Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

347. *"Add a royal number to the dead," i. e.* the dead shall number a king among them.—C. H. H.

353. *"fangs,"* Steevens' spelling for *"phangs"* of the Folios.—I. G.

358. *"equal potents";* Collier reads *"equal potent";* Delius, *"equal-potents";* Dyce, *"equal-potent."*—I. G.

"fiery kindled," so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *"fierie kindled";* Pope, *"fiery-kindled";* Collier (ed. 2), *"fire-ykindled";* Lettsom conjectures *"fire-enkindled."*—I. G.

First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city
I 'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation

371. *"King'd of our fears";* the Folios, *"Kings of our fear";* the excellent emendation adopted in the text was first proposed by Tyrwhitt.—I. G.

373. *"Scroyles"; Escroulles,* Fr., scabby fellows.—H. N. H.

378. *"the mutines of Jerusalem," i. e.* the mutineers of Jerusalem, evidently alluding to John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, the leaders of the opposing factions, who combined in order to resist the Roman attack. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge from Peter Morwyng's translation (1558) of the spurious Josephus, the "Joseppon," as it is called: Josephus was first Englished in 1602. —I. G.

383. *"Soul-fearing";* that is, *soul-appalling;* from the verb to *fear,* to make afraid.—H. N. H.

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colors once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favor she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

412. *"drift"* (concrete noun from "drive"), driving shower.—C. H. H.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I 'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!
First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on with favor; we are bent to hear.
First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;

423. *"The Lady Blanch"* was daughter to Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.—H. N. H.

425. *"Dauphin,"* so Rowe; Folios, *"Dolphin"* (*passim*).—I. G.

428. *"zealous,"* holy, devout.—C. H. H.

434. *"If not complete of, say he is not she";* that is, if he be not

And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here 's a stay

complete of or *in* those qualities, say it is because he is not like her, or equal to her. The use of *of* for *in respect of,* or *in,* is not uncommon in the old writers. Modern editions generally print the line thus: "If not complete, O say he is not she."—H. N. H.

455. A *"stay"* here seems to mean *a supporter of a cause.* Baret translates *columen vel firmamentum reipublicæ* by "the *stay,* the chiefe mainteyner and succour of," &c. It has been proposed to read, "Here's a *say,"* that is, a speech; and it must be confessed that it would agree well with the rest of Faulconbridge's speech. Perhaps, however, *stay* should be understood as referring to the

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

beginning of the Citizen's former speech,—"vouchsafe awhile to *stay*."—H. N. H.

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honors and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.
Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with Blanch*
Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,

That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.
K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?
Blanch. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.
K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?
Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.
K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

527. *"Volquessen,"* Vexin, the district round Rouen (occupied by the Velocasses in ancient Gaul).—C. H. H.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;

533. *"Close your hands";* this marriage treaty is thus narrated by Holinshed: "So King John returned from York, and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Ascension-day in this second year of his reign, they came eftsoons to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon and Lisle Dandelie, where they concluded an agreement, with marriage to be had betwixt Lewis, the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor." It was further stipulated that "the foresaid Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed"; which infers that she was not personally consenting to the treaty.—H. N. K.

For we 'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose armor conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,

574. *"the bias of the world";* the influence which causes all men

The world, who of itself is peised well.
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honorable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

to swerve from their normal course. Technically the *bias* was, in the game of bowls, a piece of lead introduced into one side of the bowl, causing it to swerve from the direct line. The globe of the earth is here conceived as a bowl thus "biassed."—C. H. H.

583. *"Clapp'd on the outward eye."* The figure of the biassed bowl is still kept up. The "eye" of a bowl was "the aperture on one side which contained the bias."—C. H. H.

584. *"aid";* Collier (ed. 2, Mason's conjecture) *"aim."*—I. G.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

16–17. *"thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits,"* etc.; Rowe's

But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

emendation of the punctuation of the Folios, *"jest . . . spirits."* —I. G.

23. *"Peering o'er his bounds";* this seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess,* 1603: "Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins *like a proud river, overflow their bounds!"* —H. N. H.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.
Sal. Pardon me, madam,

46. *"Swart"* is *dark,* dusky. See *The Comedy of Errors,* Act iii. sc. 2. *"Prodigious"* is *portentous,* so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil.*—H. N. H.

I may not go without you to the kings.
Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, the Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye

69. "*Owner stoops*"; the meaning seems to be, that *grief* is so *proud* that even in receiving the homage of kings its *owner stoops*, or condescends. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read *stout*, and has been followed by many editions. Dr. Johnson thus comments on the passage: "In *Much Ado about Nothing* the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions."—H. N. H.

The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;

86. *"high tides,"* festivals of the church.—C. H. H.

92. *"But on this day";* in the ancient almanacs the days supposed to be favorable or unfavorable to bargains are distinguished among a number of particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy,* 1623: "By the almanack, I think to choose good days and shun the critical." So in Macbeth: "Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar."—H. N. H.

99. *"counterfeit";* that is, a false coin; a representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a *portrait.* The word seems to be here used equivocally. —H. N. H.

You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigor and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured
kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art
thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So willfully doth spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see:
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,

134. *"Thou dost forget thyself";* the following lines from the old play explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:

"*Aust.* Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall
Should be a precedent to fright you all.
Faulc. What words are these? How do my sinews shake!
My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!—
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long."—H. N. H.

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.
K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,

148. *"task,"* Theobald's correction of the Folios; Folios 1, 2, *"tast"*; Folios 3, 4, *"taste"*; Rowe conjectured *"tax."*—I. G.

Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Pand. "There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse."

Const. "And for mine too: when law can do no right,"

King John. Act 3, Scene 1.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.
Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.
Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!
K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.
Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!

209. *"new untrimmed bride";* so the Folios; Theobald, *"new and trimmed,"* or, *"new untamed," "new betrimmed";* Dyce, *"new-up-trimmed."* Staunton was probably right when he suggested that *"untrimmed"* is descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose. —I. G.

213. *"infer,"* prove.—C. H. H.

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,

225. *"bestow yourself,"* act.—C. H. H.

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself

259. *"chafed lion";* Theobald's correction of the Folios, *"cased."*—I. G.

And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!

271. *"Truly done";* that is, not amiss when done *according to truth,* because it is then *left undone:* in the sense of *truly,* as here used, a crime is done *truly,* when it is *not* done.—H. N. H.

273. *"Not doing it";* that is, where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done* by *not doing* the act.—H. N. H.

280–284. In the First Folio the reading is:—

"But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, sweares only not to be forsworn."

In line 281 a plausible emendation is *"swar'st* (=*"swor'st"*) for the second *"swear'st." "By what"*="in so far as"; lines 281, 282 are evidently parallel in sense; a slight obscurity may perhaps be cleared away by taking the first *"truth"* as used with a suggestion of the secondary meaning "troth": lines 283, 284 are considered the crux of the passage, but possibly all difficulty is removed by placing a semi-colon after *"unsure,"* and rendering "to swear" with the force of "if a man swear."—I. G.

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! aye, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honor: O, thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

318. *"profound respects,"* grave considerations.—C. H. H.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together. [*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition, 341
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let 's hie! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,

2. *"airy devil";* in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse* his *Supplication,* 1592, we find the following passage: "The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone."—H. N. H.

While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labor to an happy end.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels

4. *"Philip";* Theobald, *"Richard";* the error was probably Shakespeare's; *"Philip"* was *"Sir Richard."*—I. G.

Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Bastard.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

12. *"Bell, book and candle";* the order of the horrible ceremony here referred to, as given by Fox and Strype, was for the bishop, and clergy, and all the several sorts of friars in the cathedral, to go into the Church, with the cross borne before them, and three wax tapers lighted. A priest, all in white, then mounted the pulpit, and began the denunciation. At the climax of the cursing each taper was extinguished, with the prayer that the souls of the excommunicate might be "given over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quench'd and put out." Thus described, also, in *Bale's Pageant:*

"For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle:
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace:
As this boke doth speare by my worke mannual,
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all:
As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght:
I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell."

—H. N. H.

And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;

26. *"time,"* Pope's emendation for *"tune"* of the Folios.—I. G.

39. *"Sound on into the drowsy ear of night";* the Folios, *"race";* Dyce and Staunton, *"ear";* Bulloch, *"face,"* etc. Theobald suggested *"sound one unto,"* as plausible an emendation as so many of his excellent readings.—I. G.

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I 'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:

52. *"brooded watchful day"*; Pope's *"broad-ey'd,"* Mitford's *"broad and,"* and various emendations have been proposed, but *"brooded"*= "having a brood to watch over," hence *"brooding"*="sitting on brood."—I. G.

I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,

72. *"attend on you,"* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *"to attend"*; Pope reads *"t' attend."*—I. G.

73. King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain, from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death.—H. N. H.

2. *"convicted," i. e.* "overcome"; there is perhaps a reference here to the Spanish Armada. Pope proposed *"collected"*; other suggestions have been *"convented," "connected," "combined," "convexed,"* etc.—I. G.

6. *"Is not Angiers lost?"* etc. Arthur was made prisoner at the capture of Mirabeau in 1202. Angiers was captured by John four years later.—I. G.

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

19. *"afflicted breath"; the body;* the same vile prison in which the breath is confined.—H. N. H.

32. *"Gap of breath";* that is, this mouth.—H. N. H.

And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For, being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

44. *"not holy,"* so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, *"holy"*; Delius and Staunton (Steevens' conjecture) *"unholy."*—I. G.

60. *"plague,"* torment.—C. H. H.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud,
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meager as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never

64. *"friends,"* Rowe's emendation of *"fiends"* of the Folios.—I. G.

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Const. He talks to me that never had a son.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!
[*Exit.*
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her.
[*Exit.*
Lew. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

98. *"Then have I reason to be fond of grief,"* Rowe's reading; Folios 1, 2, 3 read *"Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?"*; Folio 4, *"Then . . . grief?"*—I. G.

108. *"Twice-told tale"*; "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring *our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told"* (Psalm xc).—H. N. H.

110. *"world's taste,"* Pope's emendation of the Folios, *"words taste"*; Jackson's conjecture, *"word, state."*—I. G.

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintained as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.
Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offense.
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say aye, the king will not say no.

[*Exeunt.*

176. *"A little snow";* Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII,* speaking of Simnel's march, observes that their *snowball* did not gather as it went.—H. N. H.

182. *"strong actions,"* so Folios 2, 3, 4. Folio 1 misprints *"strange actions."*—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Arth. "Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?"

Hub. "Young boy, I must."

King John. Act 4, Scene 1.

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

46. *"watchful minutes to the hour,"* minutes that serve as watches to the hour (succeed one another at regular intervals).—C. H. H.

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Executioners.*
Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush

92. *"mote,"* Steevens' emendation for *"moth"* of the Folios, a frequent spelling of the word.—I. G.
99. *"want pleading,"* be insufficient to plead.—C. H. H.

And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

134. "*Much danger do I,* etc."; Holinshed gives the following account of the matter of this scene: "It was reported that King John appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes. But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command, (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein,) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as

Scene II

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,

would have redounded to his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal." It should be observed that Arthur was then fifteen years old.—H. N. H.

1. *"Once again crowned";* that is, this one time more was one time more than enough. It should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the *fourth time.*—H. N. H.

This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong;
And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,

29. *"Skill in covetousness";* Lord Bacon, in like manner, attributes the failures of certain to the *love,* not of *excellence,* but of *excelling.* The text is a fine commentary on the elaborate artificialness which springs far more from ambition than from inspiration, and which the Poet too often exemplifies in his own pages.—H. N. H.

42. *"then lesser is my fear,"* so Folio 1; *"then"* a common spelling

I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.
Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;

of "than" in Elizabethan English; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"then less is my fear";* Pope, *"the lesser is my fear."*—I. G.

"more, more strong, than lesser is my fear," more reasons, even stronger than in proportion to my diminished fear; *i. e.* the superior cogency of his new arguments, far from indicating a greater anxiety, would even exceed the measure of his relief. Ff. read "then lesser (lesse)," where "then" is a common sixteenth-century spelling of "than." Tyrwhitt's "when" is very plausible.—C. H. H.

48. *"To sound";* to *declare,* to publish the purposes of all.—H. N. H.

50. *"myself and them"*= (perhaps) *"myself and themselves";* hence the ungrammatical *"them."*—I. G.

Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with
you? [*Taking him apart.*
Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The color of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

65. *"than whereupon our weal,"* etc. The meaning of the passage seems to be, "we ask for his liberty only in so far as the commonwealth (*i. e. 'our weal, on you depending'*) counts it your welfare," etc.—I. G.

85. *"Arthur is deceased,* etc."; here again we must quote from Holinshed, who, after telling how Hubert spared to do the king's order, goes on thus: "Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Bretons, he caused it to be bruited abroad

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.
Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood

through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals."—H. N. H.

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumor's tongue

110. *"From France to England";* meaning that all in France are going to England.—H. N. H.

113. *"The copy";* that is, the *example.*—H. N. H.

117. *"care";* it is impossible to determine whether the First Folio reads *"eare"* or *"care";* the other Folios *"care."* There is considerable doubt as to whether the first letter is Roman or Italic, and taking all the evidence into account it seems possible that *"care"* was corrected to *"eare"* in some copies of the First Folio.—I. G.

120. *"first of April";* according to history, Eleanor died in 1204 in the month of July.—I. G.

123. *"Three days before";* Constance died in reality three years, and not three days before, in August, 1201.—I. G.

I idly heard; if true or false I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.
K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me

128. *"wildly walks,"* totters, reels.—C. H. H.
"my estate," the state of my affairs.—C. H. H.
147. *"a prophet," i. e.* Peter of Pomfret (Pontefract).—I. G. This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people.

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
O my gentle cousin,

Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. Speed says that Peter was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose. The Poet here brings together matters that were in fact separated by an interval of some years. The event in question took place in 1213, and is thus delivered by the chronicler: "There was this season an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that, either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. . . . This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. . . . One cause, and that not the least, which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner."—H. N. H.

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons!
Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French

184. *"Wondrous motion";* thus in Holinshed: "About the month of December, there were seen in the province of York five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the middest of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times incompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away."—H. N. H.

198. *"Upon contrary feet";* the commentators, it seems, were for a long time puzzled what this might mean, till at last the forgotten fashion of *right* and *left* shoes came back, and the mystery was cleared up at once.—H. N. H.

That were embattailed and ran'k in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,

214. *"More upon humor than advised respect,"* more from caprice than deliberate consideration.—C. H. H.

222. *"Quoted,"* bearing the "note" or observed character (of a criminal).—C. H. H.

This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act

231. *"Or made a pause";* "There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis,* from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *express* words would have *struck him dumb:* nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.
Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.

268. *"Bring the angry lords";* Holinshed thus continues the story

I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Before the castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There 's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

of Hubert's doings touching the prince: "When the Bretons were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again, that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles, if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup."—H. N. H.

10. *"Heaven take my soul";* the old chroniclers give various accounts of Arthur's death, of which Shakespeare took the least offensive. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word *evanuit;*

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:

and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some color to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned. Holinshed's statement of the matter is very affecting. "Touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless, certain it is that in the year next ensuing he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river of Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away, and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days; but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth."—H. N. H.

11. *"him"*=the Dauphin.—I. G.

We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honors, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

29. *"reason,"* discourse.—C. H. H.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue.
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem.
Big. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

71. *"Glory to this hand";* so in the original; obviously meaning, till I have ennobled this hand with the honor of revenging so foul a crime. Pope proposed *head,* which has been commonly adopted, Gray the poet having been pleased with it. It is not easy to see how the change betters the passage.—H. N. H.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defense;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

79. *"Your sword is bright";* so in *Othello:* "Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them."—H. N. H.

84. *"True defense"; honest* defense, defense in a *good cause.*—H. N. H.

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well;
I honor'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Bast. Here 's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what;
Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;

109. *"traded,"* practiced.—C. H. H.

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul —

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth

132. *"ocean"* (trisyllabic).—C. H. H.
133. *"stifle up."* "Up" adds the sense of completion to the action. —C. H. H.

The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I 'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*

147. *"Unowed interest";* that is, *unowned* interest; the interest that now has no acknowledged *owner.* On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the crown devolved to his sister Eleanor.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humor
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

8. *"counties";* it is difficult to determine whether *"counties"*= (i.) "counts," *i. e.* "the nobility," or (ii.) "the divisions of the country": probably the former.—I. G.

10. *"love of soul,"* heartfelt love.—C. H. H.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fight him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said: forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.
K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

67. *"fair-play orders";* instructions for courteous treatment (of the enemy).—C. H. H.

A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colors idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defense.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,

1. *"this," i. e.* "this compact with the English lords."—I. G.

I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honorable rescue and defense
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colors here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;

27. *"step after a stranger, march,"* so the Folios; Theobald *"stranger march,"* but the original reading seems preferable.—I. G.

30. *"The spot";* that is, the *stain.*—H. N. H.

36. *"grapple,"* Pope's emendation of *"cripple"* of the Folios; Steevens conjectured *"gripple,"* Gould *"couple."*—I. G.

Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighborly!
Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks;
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Not met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity

44. *"Brave respect";* this *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, in Salisbury's opinion, could only be procured by foreign arms; and the *brave respect* was the love of country.—H. N. H.

59. *"Full of warm blood,"* Heath's conjecture for *"Full warm of blood"* of the Folios.—I. G.

As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter Pandulph.

Look, where the holy legate come apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out

64. *"an angel spake"; "angel"* used probably equivocally with a play upon "angel" the gold coin, the quibble being suggested by the previous *"purse," "nobles."*—I. G.

With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,

89. *"Interest to the land";* this was the phraseology of the time. Thus in *2 Henry IV:*

> He hath more worthy interest *to* the state
> Than thou, the shadow of succession."

Again in Dugdale's *Warwickshire:* "He had a release from Rose, the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden, before specified, of all her *interest to* the manor of Pedimore."—H. N. H.

104. *"Bank'd their towns";* that is, passed along the banks of the river. Thus in the old play: "From the hollow holes of Thamesis echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!"* We still say to *coast* and to *flank;* and to *bank* has no less propriety, though not reconciled to us by modern usage.—H. N. H.

To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.
Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.
Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My only lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pand. The Dauphin is too willful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.
Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,

115. "*outlook,*" outface, face-down; "conquest" is conceived as cowed into submission by the defiant looks of the victor.—C. H. H.

This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,

133. *"unhair'd,"* Theobald's correction of Folios; Folio 1, *"vnheard";* Folios 2, 3, 4, *"unheard";* Keightly proposed *"un-beard."*—I. G.

144. *"your nation's crow";* probably, the cock as the Gallic bird (*gallus*), derisively so called by a play on the double sense of *"crow."* But there may be an allusion to the ominous flight of ravens which terrified the French before the battle of Poitiers, an incident utilized in the play of *Edward III.*—C. H. H.

Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Aye me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.

8. *"Swinstead";* so in *"The Troublesome Reign";* "Swinstead"= Swineshead, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire.—I. G.

9. *"Supply"* is here used as a noun of multitude.—H. N. H.

Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Another part of the field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion 11
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn

10. *"Bought and sold";* a proverbial expression intimating treachery.—H. N. H.

11. *"He," i. e.* the Dauphin; perhaps *"lords"* in the previous line is an error for *"lord."*—I. G.

And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?

20. *"Everlasting love";* the chronicler tells the following story of this Melun upon the authority of Matthew Paris: "The Viscount of Melun, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and, perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament, saith he, your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn, if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king, that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility, which now do serve him, and persecute their own king, as traitors and rebels. And because you shall have no doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to do this thing.'" The Dauphin's oath runs thus in the old King John:

> "There's not an English traitor of them all,
> John once despatch'd, and I fair England's king,
> Shall on his shoulders bear his head one day,
> But I will crop it for their guilt's desert."—H. N. H.

24–25. *"even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire,"* alluding to the images of wax used in witchcraft; as the figure melted before the fire, so the person it represented dwindled away.—I. G.

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumor of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favor and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience

37. *"rated,"* assessed at its value.—C. H. H.
44. *"In lieu whereof,"* in return for which.—C. H. H.
50. *"favor,"* aspect.—C. H. H.

Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

Scene V

The French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tottering colors clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here: what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords

60. *"Right in thine eye";* it has been suggested that *"right"* is a misprint for *"riot"; "pight," "fight," "fright,"* etc., have been proposed: there is no reason at all for emending the word.—I. G.

By his persuasion are again fall'n off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

An open place in the neighborhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What 's that to thee? why may not I demand

20. *"Good quarter";* that is, keep in your allotted posts or stations. —H. N. H.

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what 's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

12. *"Unkind,"* i. e. for having failed him.—C. H. H.
"eyeless night," Theobald's emendation of the Folios, *"endles."*—I. G.
26. *"time,"* emergency.—C. H. H.

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.
Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*

30. *"The King yet speaks";* not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this story. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. The following account is given by Holinshed from Caxton: "After he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, showed himself greatly displeased therewith, and said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppressions of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time." —H. N. H.

Scene VII

The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now

1. Prince *"Henry"* was only nine years old when his father died.—H. N. H.

2. *"his pure brain,"* his otherwise clear mind.—C. H. H.

16. *"Leaves them invisible, and his siege";* so Folio 1; the other Folios, *"and her siege";* Pope, *"leaves them; invisible his siege";* Hanmer, *"leaves them insensible; his siege";* Steevens, *"invincible,"* etc.—I. G.

Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King John in a chair.

K. John. Aye, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come

21. *"cygnet";* Rowe's correction of *"Symet"* of the Folios.—I. G.
26. *"Indigest";* a description of Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid "Quem dixere Chaos rudis *indigestæque* moles."—H. N. H.

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,

K. John. "O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;"

King John. Act 5, Scene 7.

As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood.
[*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,

62. *"upon advantage,"* as a favorable opportunity occurred.—C. H. H.

64. *"Unexpected flood";* this untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.—H. N. H.

82. *"Cardinal Pandulph."* The historic cardinal who effected the negotiations was no longer Pandulph, but Gualo (Hol. iii. 192).—C. H. H.

Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defense.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

99. *"At Worcester";* a stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.—H. N. H.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A'=he; I. i. 68.

Absey book, *i. e.* A B C book; a primer, which sometimes included a catechism; I. i. 196.

Abstract, epitome, summary; II. i. 101.

Adjunct, consequent; III. iii. 57.

Advantage, profit, interest; III. iii. 22.

Adverse, inimicable, hostile; IV. ii. 172.

Advice, deliberate consideration; III. iv. 11.

Advised, "well a.," considerate; III. i. 5.

Aery, eagle's brood; V. ii. 149.

Affecteth, resembleth; I. i. 86.

Affections, passions, feelings; V. ii. 41.

Affliction, afflicted one; III. iv. 36.

Aim; "cry a."; an expression borrowed from archery=to encourage the archers by crying out *aim,* when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers; II. i. 196.

Airy, dwelling in the air; III. ii. 2.

Amazed, bewildered; IV. ii. 137.

An; "an if"; *an* used to emphasize *if;* I. i. 138.

Anatomy, skeleton; III. iv. 40.

Angel; a gold coin of the value of ten shillings, with the figure of Michael and the dragon; II. i. 590; III. iii. 8; play upon "angel" and "noble" (value six shillings and eightpence); V. ii. 64.

Angerly, angrily; IV. i. 82.

Angiers, Angers, the capital of Anjou; II. i. 1.

Answer, face; V. vii. 60.

Answer'd, atoned; IV. ii. 89.

Apparent, plain, evident; IV. ii. 93.

Armado, fleet of war-ships; III. iv. 2.

Arms, heraldic device; IV. iii. 47.

Arms, "in arms," armed; III. i. 102; in embracement; III. i. 103.

Arras, embroidered hangings which covered the walls; IV. i. 2.

Articles, particular items in a writing or discourse; II. i. 111.

Artificer, artisan; IV. ii. 201.

Aspect, look, air; IV. ii. 72.

Assured, betrothed; II. i. 535.

At=by; V. ii. 75.

Ate (Folios, "Ace"), Goddess of Mischief; II. i. 63.

Avaunt, exclamation of contempt or abhorrence, away! begone! IV. iii. 77.

Aweless, unawed, fearless; I. i. 266.

Back, go back; V. ii. 78, 95.
Bank'd, sailed along the river-banks; V. ii. 104.
Bare-ribb'd, skeleton; V. ii. 177.
Bastinado, a sound beating; II. i. 463.
Bated, abated, diminished; V. iv. 53.
Battles, armies drawn up in battle array; IV. ii. 78.
Becks = beckons; III. iii. 13.
Become, adorn, grace; V. i. 55.
Bedlam, lunatic; II. i. 183.
Beguiled, cheated; III. i. 99.
Behalf; "in right and true b.," on behalf of the rightful and true claim; I. i. 7.
Behavior, "in my b.," *i. e.* "in the tone and character which I here assume"; I. i. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 239.
Beldams, old women, hags; used contemptuously; IV. ii. 185.
Bent, directed, pointed; II. i. 37.
Bequeath, transfer; V. vii. 104.
Beshrew my soul, a mild oath; V. iv. 49.
Betime, quickly, before it is too late; IV. iii. 98.
Betters, superiors in rank; I. i. 156.
Bias, that which draws in a particular direction, preponderant activity; originally the weight of lead let into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards that side; II. i. 574.
Blood, "lusty blood," hasty, impetuous spirit; II. i. 461.
Blood; "true b.," blood of the rightful heir; III. iv. 147.
Bloods, men of mettle; II. i. 278.
Blots, disfigurements; III. i. 45.
Boisterous, rude, violent; IV. i. 95.
Borrowed, false, counterfeit; I. i. 4.
Bottoms, ships; II. i. 73.
Bought and sold, betrayed; V. iv. 10.
Bounds, boundaries; III. i. 23.
Brabbler, quarreler, noisy fellow; V. ii. 162.
Brave, bravado, defiant speech; V. ii. 159.
Brave, defy; V. i. 70.
Breathes, takes breath; III. ii. 4.
Brief, short document; a legal term; II. i. 103.
Brief in hand, speedily to be dispatched; IV. iii. 158.
Broke out, escaped; V. vi. 24.
Broke with, opened my heart, communicated; IV. ii. 227.
Broker, agent; II. i. 568.
Brows, walls (used figuratively); II. i. 38.
Buss, kiss; III. iv. 35.
But, except; III. i. 92; but that; IV. i. 128; "but now" = just now; V. vii. 66.
By this light, a mild oath; I. i. 259.

Calf's-skin, a coat made of calf's-skin; the distinguishing garment of a fool; III. i. 129.
Call, a cry to entice birds to return; III. iv. 174.
Canker, corroding evil; V. ii. 14.
Canker'd, venomous, wicked; II. i. 194.
Capable of, susceptible to; III. i. 12.
Censured, judged; II. i. 328.
Chafed (the Folios "cased"; Theobald's emendation), enraged; III. i. 259.
"Champion of our Church"; "the King of France was

styled the Eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian King"; III. i. 267.

Chaps, jaws, the mouth; II. i. 352.

Chastised, severely punished; V. ii. 84.

Chatillon (Chatillion, in the Folios), quadrisyllabic; I. i. 30.

Check, control; an allusion to the game of chess; "the Queen of the chessboard was, in this country, invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century" (Staunton); II. i. 123.

Christendom, baptism, Christianity; IV. i. 16.

Churlish, rough, rude; II. i. 76; niggardly; II. i. 519.

Cincture (Pope's reading; Folios *"center,"* perhaps=French *ceinture*), girdle; IV. iii. 155.

Circumstance, details; II. i. 77.

Clap up, join hands to ratify a compact; III. i. 235.

Clearly, completely; V. v. 7.

Climate, region of the sky; II. i. 344.

Clippeth about, embraceth; V. ii. 34.

Close, secret; IV. ii. 72.

Closely, secretly; IV. i. 133.

Closet, private apartment; IV. ii. 267.

Clouts; "a babe of c.," a doll made of pieces of cloth, a ragdoll; III. iv. 58.

Clutch, shut close; II. i. 589.

Cocker'd, pampered; V. i. 70.

Coil, ado, turmoil; II. i. 165.

Colbrand the Giant; a famous legendary giant, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester (*cp.* Ballad of Guy and Colebrande, in Percy's *Reliques*); I. i. 225.

Coldly, calmly, tranquilly; II. i. 53.

Commandment on, command of, over; IV. ii. 92.

Commodity, profit, self-interest; II. i. 573.

Companies = *company;* IV. ii. 167.

Composition, compact; II. i. 561.

Compound, agree, settle; II. i. 281.

Compulsion, compelling circumstances; V. ii. 44.

Conceit, mental faculty, intelligence; III. iii. 50.

Concludes, settles the matter; I. i. 127.

Conduct, escort, guard; I. i. 29.

Confounded, destroyed; V. vii. 58.

Confusion, ruin, overthrow; II. i. 359.

Conjure, solemnly enjoin; IV. ii. 269.

Consequently, accordingly; IV. ii. 240.

Contemn'd, despised; V. ii. 13.

Control, constraint; I. i. 17.

Controlment, compulsion; I. i. 20.

Conversion, change to superior rank; I. i. 189.

Convertite, convert; V. i. 19.

Convicted, defeated, overpowered; III. iv. 2.

Coops, shuts up (for protection); II. i. 25.

Corruptibly, causing corruption; V. vii. 2.

Countries; "man of c.," traveler; I. i. 193.
Cousin, any kinsman or kinswoman not nearly related; III. i. 339.
Covetousness, eagerness, desire; IV. ii. 29.
Cracker, blusterer, braggart; II. i. 147.
Create, created; IV. i. 107.
Cross'd, thwarted; III. i. 91.
Cull, choose out, select; II. i. 40.
Customed, accustomed, customary, common; III. iv. 155.

Dead news, news of death; V. vii. 65.
Deafs = deafens; II. i. 147.
Dealt, acted; V. ii. 121.
Dear; "my d. offense," "the offense which has cost me dear"; I. i. 257.
Defy, despise, renounce; III. iv. 23.
Departed, parted; II. i. 563.
Device, "cut and ornaments of a garment"; I. i. 210.
Dim, "wanting the fresh aspect of life and health"; III. iv. 85.
Disallow of, refuse; I. i. 16.
Discontents, discontented spirits; IV. iii. 151.
Dishabited, dislodged; II. i. 220.
Dispiteous, pitiless; IV. i. 34.
Dispose, disposal; I. i. 263.
Disposed, managed, arranged; III. iv. 11.
Distemper'd, disturbed by the elements; III. iv. 154; angry, ill-humored; IV. iii. 21.
Doff, take off; III. i. 128.
Dogged, cruel; IV. i. 129; IV. iii. 149.
Dominations, dominion, sovereign power; II. i. 176.
Doubt, suspect, fear; IV. i. 19.
Doubtless, free from fear; IV. i. 130.
Down-trodden, trampled to the ground; II. i. 241.
Draw, draw out, lengthen; II. i. 103.
Drawn, drawn together; IV. ii. 118.
Drew, levied; V. ii. 113.
Dunghill; a term of contempt for a person meanly born (= "dunghill cur"); IV. iii. 87.
Dust, "a d.," a particle of dust; IV. i. 93.

Eat, eaten; I. i. 234.
Effect, import, tenor; IV. i. 38.
Embassy, message entrusted to an ambassador; I. i. 6; I. i. 22.
Embattailed, drawn up in battle order; IV. ii. 200.
Embounded, enclosed; IV. iii. 137.
Endamagement, injury, harm; II. i. 209.
Enforced, compelled; V. ii. 30.
Enfranchisement, release from prison, deliverance; IV. ii. 52.
Equity, justice; II. i. 241.
Even, exactly, just; III. i. 233.
Excommunicate = excommunicated; III. i. 173.
Exercise; "good exercise," education befitting a noble youth; IV. ii. 60.
Exhalation, meteor; III. iv. 153.
Expedient, expeditious, quick; II. i. 60.
Expire, come to an end, cease; V. iv. 36.
Extremes, acts of cruelty; IV. i. 108.

Fair, clearly, distinctly; IV. i. 37.

Fair fall, fair fortune befall; I. i. 78.
Fall from, desert; III. i. 320.
Fall'n off, deserted; V. v. 11.
Fantasied; "strangely f.," filled with strange fancies; IV. ii. 144.
Fashion'd; "so new a f. robe," a robe of so new a fashion; IV. ii. 27.
Fast and loose, a cheating game of gipsies and other vagrants, the drift of which was to encourage wagers, as to whether a knot was fast or loose; III. i. 242.
Fearful; "fearful action," gestures of fear; IV. ii. 191.
Feature, form, external appearance; IV. ii. 264.
Fell, fierce, cruel; III. iv. 40.
Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 290.
Fetch about, turn, veer round; IV. ii. 24.
Field, battle-field; V. i. 55.
Fine, punishment; V. iv. 37; V. iv. 38, end; with a play upon the two senses of the word.
Flats, low ground; V. vi. 40.
Fleet, pass away with rapidity; II. i. 285.
Flesh, "make fierce and eager for combat"; V. i. 71.
Fleshly land, land of flesh; IV. ii. 245.
Flood, ocean, sea; III. iv. 1.
Flout, scorn, mock; II. i. 373.
Fondly, foolishly; II. i. 258.
Footing; "upon the f. of our land," standing upon our own soil; V. i. 66.
For, because; II. i. 591.
Forage, prowl about like a lion in search of prey; V. i. 59.
For because = because; II. i. 588.
Forgo, give up, renounce; III. i. 207.
Forwearied, worn out, exhausted; II. i. 233.
Foster'd up, reared; V. ii. 75.
France, the King of France; I. i. 1.
From, away from, foreign; IV. iii. 151.
Fulsome, nauseous, disgusting; III. iv. 32.

Gall, wound, hurt; IV. iii. 94, 95.
Gawds, toys, trifling ornaments; III. iii. 36.
Give off, take off, give up; V. i. 27.
Give way, permit to pass before us; I. i. 156.
Glister, glitter, shine; V. i. 54.
Gone, despatched, dead; III. iv. 163.
Good den, good evening; I. i. 185.
Goods, good, advantage; IV. ii. 64.
Gracious, full of grace, lovely; III. iv. 81.
Greens, grassy plains, meadows; II. i. 242.
Grossly, stupidly; III. i. 163, 168.
Guard, ornament; IV. ii. 10.

Half-faced groat; groats and half-groats with the profile or half-face of the King, were first struck in 1503; I. i. 94.
Halting, dilatory; V. ii. 174.
Handkercher = handkerchief; IV. i. 42.
Harborage, shelter; II. i. 234.

HARNESS'D, dressed in armor; V. ii. 132.
HATCH, half door; "take the h.," jump the half door; V. ii. 138.
HEAD OF WAR, armed force; V. ii. 113.
HEAT = heated; IV. i. 61.
HEINOUS, odious; III. iv. 90.
HENCE, hereafter; V. iv. 29.
HIS = its; IV. iii. 32.
HOLD, restrain; IV. ii. 82.
HOLDS HAND WITH, is on terms of equality with; II. i. 494.
HOLP, helped; I. i. 240.
HUMOROUS, capricious; III. i. 119.
HUMORS, "unsettled h.," restless spirits; II. i. 66; whims; IV. ii. 209.
HURLY = *hurly-burly*, confusion, uproar; III. iv. 169.

IDLY, casually, carelessly; IV. ii. 124.
IMPEACH, accuse; II. i. 116.
IMPORTANCE, importunity; II. i. 7.
IN = on; I. i. 99.
INDIFFERENCY, impartiality; II. i. 579.
INDIGEST, chaos; V. vii. 26.
INDIRECT, lawless, wrong; III. i. 275.
INDIRECTION, wrong, dishonest practice; III. i. 276.
INDIRECTLY, wrongfully; II. i. 49.
INDUSTRIOUS, zealous, laborious; II. i. 376.
INFANT STATE, infant majesty, or, state that belongs to an infant; II. i. 97.
INFORTUNATE, unfortunate; II. i. 178.
INGRATE, ungrateful; V. ii. 151.
INNOCENCY, innocence; IV. iii. 110.
INQUIRE OUT, seek out; IV. iii. 115.
INTELLIGENCE, spies, informers; IV. ii. 116.
INTEREST TO, claim to; V. ii. 89.
INTERROGATORIES, a technical law-term; questions put to a witness which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath; III. i. 147.
INVASIVE, invading; V. i. 69.
INVETERATE, deep-rooted; V. ii. 14.

JOAN, a common name for a woman among rustics; I. i. 184.
JOY, glad; III. iv. 107.

LASTING, everlasting, eternal; III. iv. 27.
LIABLE, subject; II. i. 490; fit; IV. ii. 226; allied, associated; V. ii. 101.
LIEN = lain; IV. i. 50.
LIGHTNING; "as l.," as swift as lightning; I. i. 24.
LIKE, likely, probable; III. iv. 49.
LIMITED, fixed, appointed; V. ii. 123.
LINE, thicken, strengthen; IV. iii. 24.
LINEAL, hereditary, due by right of birth; II. i. 85.
LIST, listen, give ear; II. i. 468.
LITTER, a couch for ladies and sick persons in traveling; V. iii. 16.

MAKE UP, hasten forward; III. ii. 5.
MANAGE, taking of measures, administration; I. i. 37.
MATTER, material, fuel; V. ii. 85.

May, can; V. iv. 21.
Meager, thin, lean; III. iv. 85.
Means, intends, purposes; III. iv. 119.
Measures, stately dances; here used for the music accompanying and regulating the motion of the dance; III. i. 304.
Might, could, were able; II. i. 325.
Minion, favorite; II. i. 392.
Mistempered = distempered, ill-tempered; V. i. 12.
Mistook, mistaken; III. i. 274.
Mocking, deriding, ridiculing; V. i. 72.
Modern, commonplace; III. iv. 42.
Module, mould, image; V. vii. 58.
Moe, more; V. iv. 17.
More, greater; II. i. 34.
Mortal, deadly; III. i. 259.
Motion, impulse; I. i. 212.
Mounting, aspiring; I. i. 206.
Mousing, worrying, tearing (as a cat does a mouse); II. i. 354.
Munition, materials for war; V. ii. 98.
Muse, marvel, wonder; III. i. 317.
Mutines, mutineers; II. i. 378.

New, lately; III. i. 233.
Nice; "makes nice of," is scrupulous about; III. iv. 138.
Nob, contemptuous diminutive of Robert; I. i. 147.
No had, had I not? IV. ii. 207.
Note; "of note," noted, well known; IV. i. 121.
Noted, known; IV. ii. 21.

Occasion, necessity, cause; II. i. 82; "occasions," opportunities; IV. ii. 62; course of events; IV. ii. 125.
O'erbearing, bearing down, overpowering; III. iv. 9.
Of = from; III. iv. 55.
Offend, harm, hurt; IV. i. 132.
Offer, attempt; IV. ii. 94.
Opposite, contrary; III. i. 254.
Oppression; "our o."= oppression of us, our injury; III. i. 106.
Out-faced, supplanted, put down by arrogance and intimidation; II. i. 97.
Outlook, face down; V. ii. 115.
Outward eye; a metaphor derived from the game of bowls; "the eye of a bowl was the aperture on one side which contained the bias or weight"; II. i. 583.
Overbear, overrule; IV. ii. 37.
Owe, own; II. i. 109.

Painted, artificial, counterfeit; III. i. 105.
Parle, parley; II. i. 205.
Pass, refuse; II. i. 258.
Passionate, full of lamentation; II. i. 544.
Pawns, pledges; V. ii. 141.
Peering o'er = overpeering, overflowing; III. i. 23.
Peevish, wayward; II. i. 402.
Peised, poised, balanced; II. i. 575.
Pencil, small brush used to lay on colors; III. i. 237.
Peradventure, perhaps; V. vi. 31.
Peremptory, determined; II. i. 454.
Perfect, right, correct; V. vi. 6.
Philip! sparrow; the popular name of the sparrow was Philip, suggested by its peculiar chirp (*cp.* Skelton's

Boke of Phylyp Sparowe"); I. i. 231.

PICKED, affected; I. i. 193.

PLOTS, positions; II. i. 40.

POSSESS'D WITH, informed of; IV. ii. 41.

POTENTS, potentates; II. i. 358.

POWERS, armed force; III. iii. 70.

PRACTICES, plots; IV. i. 20.

PRATE, prattle; IV. i. 25.

PRECEDENT, "original copy of a writing"; V. ii. 3.

PRESAGES, prognostications; III. iv. 158.

PRESENCE; "lord of thy p.," lord of only your fine person; I. i. 137.

PRESENTLY, immediately; V. vii. 86.

PRINCES = lords; V. vii. 97.

PRIVATE, private communication; IV. iii. 16.

PRODIGIOUSLY, by the birth of a monster; III. i. 91.

PROPERTIED, made a property or tool of; V. ii. 79.

PROVOKE, incite, instigate; IV. ii. 207.

PUISSANCE, armed force; III. i. 339.

PURE, clear; V. vii. 2.

PURPLED HANDS, hands stained with blood, like those of huntsmen, by cutting up the deer; II. i. 322.

PURPOSE, "had a p.," intention; V. i. 76.

PUT O'ER, refer; I. i. 62.

PYRENEAN, the Pyrenees; I. i. 203.

QUANTITY, small portion; V. iv. 23.

QUARTER; "keep good q.," guard carefully your posts; V. v. 20.

QUOTED, noted, marked; IV. ii. 222.

RAGE = rave; V. vii. 11.

RAMPING, rampant; III. i. 122.

RANKNESS, fullness to overflowing; V. iv. 54.

REASON, it is reasonable; V. ii. 130.

RECREANT, cowardly, faithless; III. i. 129.

REFUSE, reject, disown; I. i. 127.

REGREET, greeting; III. i. 241.

REMEMBERS, reminds; III. iv. 96.

REMEMBRANCE, memory (quadrisyllabic); V. ii. 2; V. vi. 12.

REMORSE, compassion; II. i. 478.

RESOLVED, resolute; V. vi. 29.

RESOLVETH, melteth; V. iv. 25.

RESPECT, consideration, reflection; IV. ii. 214.

RESPECTIVE, showing respect; I. i. 188.

REST, quiet possession; IV. ii. 55.

RETIRE THEMSELVES = retire, retreat; V. iii. 13.

REVOLTS, deserters, rebels; V. ii. 151.

RHEUM, moisture, here used for tears; III. i. 22.

RIBS, walls; II. i. 384.

RIPE, ripen; II. i. 472.

ROUNDED, whispered; II. i. 566.

ROUNDURE, enclosure; II. i. 259.

RUB, obstacle, impediment; III. iv. 128.

RUMOR, din, tumult; V. iv. 45.

SAFETY, safe custody; IV. ii. 158.

SAVAGERY, atrocity; IV. iii. 48.

SCAMBLE = scramble, struggle; IV. iii. 146.

SCATH, injury, damage; II. i. 75.

SCOPE OF NATURE, natural effect

(Pope "scape," *i. e.* freak); III. iv. 154.

Scroyles, scabby fellows, rascals; II. i. 373.

Secondary, subordinate; V. ii. 80.

Secure, free from care; IV. i. 130.

Semblance, appearance, disguise; IV. iii. 4.

Set, a term at cards, as well as at tennis; V. ii. 107.

Set forward, start on the journey; IV. iii. 19.

Shadow, reflection; II. i. 498.

Shadowing, shielding, protecting; II. i. 14.

Shall, must; V. ii. 78.

Shrewd, evil, bad; V. v. 14.

Shrouds, sail-ropes; V. vii. 53.

Sick service, service in sickness; IV. i. 52.

Sightless, unsightly, ugly; III. i. 45.

Sign'd, marked, branded; IV. ii. 222.

Set, close; V. vii. 51.

Skin-coat, *i. e.* lion's skin (taken from Richard); II. i. 139.

Smacks, savors; II. i. 396.

Smoke, thrash (a dialect word); II. i. 139.

So = if only; IV. i. 17.

Sole, alone, unique; IV. iii. 52.

Solemnity, marriage ceremony; II. i. 555.

Sooth, truth; IV. i. 29.

Soothest up, dost flatter ("up" used intensitively); III. i. 121.

Soul-fearing, soul-frightening, terrifying; II. i. 383.

Sound, give voice to, proclaim; IV. ii. 48.

Souse, a term in falconry, to pounce upon; V. ii. 150.

Sped, succeeded; IV. ii. 141.

Spend, waste; V. ii. 39.

Spirit, monosyllabic; II. i. 232; V. i. 53.

Spleen, heat, passion; IV. iii. 97.

Spot, stain, disgrace; V. ii. 30.

Sprightful, full of spirit, high-spirited; IV. ii. 177.

Staff, lance; II. i. 318.

State, power, majesty; IV. ii. 243.

States, lords of high estate; II. i. 395.

Stay, a peremptory check, a command to stop; II. i. 455.

Still, continually; V. vii. 37.

Still and anon, now and again; IV. i. 47.

Straight, straightway; II. i. 149.

Strait, parsimonious, niggardly; V. vii. 42.

Stranger, foreign; V. i. 11.

Stumbling night, night which causes stumbling; V. v. 18.

Sudden, quick, hasty; IV. i. 27; unprepared; V. vi. 26.

Suggestions, temptations, incitements to evil-doing; III. i. 292.

Supernal, placed above, heavenly; II. i. 112.

Suspire, draw breath; III. iv. 80.

Swinged, thrashed, whipped; II. i. 288.

Table, tablet (on which a picture is painted); II. i. 503.

Take = make; III. i. 17.

Tarre on, set on, incite; IV. i. 117.

Task (Theobald's correction of *"tast"* of the Folios), challenge, command; III. i. 148.

Taste, to act the part of taster, an officer whose duty it was

to "take the assay" of each dish before it passed to his master; V. vi. 28.

TEMPORIZE, come to terms, compromise; V. ii. 125.

TERRITORIES, (probably) feudal dependencies; I. i. 10.

THEN, than; IV. ii. 42.

THREATS, threatens; III. i. 347.

TICKLING, cajoling, flattering; II. i. 573.

TIDES; "high t.," high days; III. i. 86.

TIME'S ENEMIES, the enemies of the times, *i. e.* of the present state of affairs; IV. ii. 61.

TITHE, take a tithe; III. i. 154.

TO, added to; I. i. 144.

TOASTING-IRON, an iron used for toasting cheese; used contemptuously of a sword; IV. iii. 99.

TOLL, take toll, raise a tax; III. i. 154.

TONGUE, alluding to the serpent's tongue, in which the venom was supposed to be secreted; III. i. 258.

TOOK IT ON HIS DEATH, swore by the certainty of his death; I. i. 110.

TOPFUL, full to the brim; III. iv. 180.

TOTTERING, tattered; V. v. 7.

TOUCH'D AND TRIED, tested by the touchstone; III. i. 100.

TOWERS, rises in circles in flight; V. ii. 149.

TOYS, idle fancies, follies; I. i. 232.

TRICK, characteristic expression; I. i. 85.

TRUE; "my t. defense," *i. e.* "the defense of my honesty"; IV. iii. 84.

UNADVISED, without due thought, consideration; II. i. 45; rash; II. i. 191.

UNCONSTANT = inconstant, unsteady, fickle; III. i. 243.

UNDER-BEAR, bear, endure; III. i. 65.

UNDERPROP, support; V. ii. 99.

UNDER-WROUGHT, undermined; II. i. 95.

UNDESERVED, not merited; IV. i. 108.

UNHAIR'D (Theobald's emendation of "vn-heard," the reading of Folio 1), beardless; V. ii. 133.

UNMATCHABLE, not able to be equaled; IV. iii. 52.

UNOWED, unowned, left without an owner; IV. iii. 147.

UNREVEREND, disrespectful; I. i. 227.

UNRULY, not submitting to rule; III. iv. 135.

UNSURED, unstable, insecure; II. i. 471.

UNTHREAD THE RUDE EYE, retrace the hazardous road (Theobald *"untread";* but the metaphor is evidently derived from threading a needle); V. iv. 11.

UNURGED, unsolicited, voluntary; V. ii. 10.

UNVEX'D, not molested, not troubled; II. i. 253.

UP, used with intensive force; IV. iii. 133.

UPON, on the side of; I. i. 34; on account of; II. i. 597.

VEX'D, disquieted; III. i. 17.

VOLQUESSEN, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; II. i. 527.

VOLUNTARIES, volunteers; II. i. 67.

WAFT = wafted, borne over the sea; II. i. 73.
WAIT UPON, attend; V. vii. 98.
WALKS; "wildly w.," *i. e.* goes to confusion; IV. ii. 128.
WALL-EYED, glaring-eyed ("having an eye in which the iris is discolored or wanting in color"); IV. iii. 49.
WANT, lack; IV. i. 99.
WANTON, one brought up in luxury, an effeminate boy; V. i. 70.
WANTONNESS, sportiveness; IV. i. 16.
WARN'D, summoned; II. i. 201.
WATCHFUL; "the w. minutes to the hour," the minutes which are watchful to the hour; IV. i. 46.
WAY, line of descent; V. vi. 11.
WEAL, common-wealth; IV. ii. 65; welfare; IV. ii. 66.
WEAR OUT, let come to an end; III. i. 110.
WEATHER, storm, tempest; IV. ii. 109.
WHAT! an ejaculation of impatience; I. i. 245.
WHAT THOUGH, what does it matter! I. i. 169.
WHET ON, incite; III. iv. 181.
WHETHER (Folios, "where"), monosyllabic; I. i. 75; II. i. 167.
WILLFUL-OPPOSITE, refractory, stubborn; V. ii. 124.
WIND UP, furl together; V. ii. 73.
WINKING, closed; II. i. 215.
WITH = by; II. i. 567; III. iv. 135.
WORSHIP, honor, dignity; IV. iii. 72.
WRESTED, taken by violence; IV. iii. 154.

YET, as yet; II. i. 361.
YON, yonder; III. iii. 60.
YOU = for you, in your interests; III. iv. 146.

ZEAL, ardor, intense endeavor; II. i. 565.
ZOUNDS; a corruption of "God's wounds"; a common oath; II. i. 466.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. Of what play is this a recast? Compare the two plays.

2. Comment upon the play as history; as a work of art.

3. Upon what does the entire action turn?

4. What aspect of the papal power is set forth in the play?

5. Historically, what was the character of John? How fully is it presented in the play?

6. How are historical facts ordered in the case of Constance? For what dramatic purpose?

7. Compare in other respects the handling of history with the development of incidents and portrayal of character, and explain the dramatic purpose in each instance.

8. What element in the play is probably due to popular feeling in Shakespeare's time?

9. Wherein is the beauty of Faulconbridge's fealty to John?

10. What is striking in the character of Faulconbridge?

11. How is Constance portrayed?

12. What is the historic character of Elinor? Is it expressed in the play?

13. Why did she urge John on to keep the throne, and exclude Arthur? Where does she indicate to John what constituted his only stronghold on the throne?

14. What marked event of King John's reign was omitted by the Poet from the course of the drama? What were probable causes of this omission?

ACT I

15. What message from France comes to John in the first scene?

16. Describe the introduction of Faulconbridge.

17. What transpires with regard to him?

18. What are the claims of Arthur to the throne?

19. What title does John bestow upon Faulconbridge?

20. What does John plan upon hearing of the intent of the King of France?

ACT II

21. What are the opening events of this act?

22. How did Richard Cœur de Lion die? How has Shakespeare used this incident? What persons does he combine for his dramatic purpose in this instance?

23. How do the English and French forces meet, and what is the outcome of their parley at first?

24. What is the response of the citizens of Angiers when asked to announce allegiance to one side or the other in the matter of English sovereignty?

25. What does Faulconbridge suggest as an expedient?

26. What effect does this have upon the citizens of Angiers, and what do they suggest?

27. How is their suggestion received?

28. What is the outcome of the proposal?

29. What are the Bastard's reflections in his soliloquy in the final passage?

ACT III

30. How does Constance receive the news of the new terms of peace? How does this treaty affect her cause?

31. What is the human truth in the portrayal of Constance's grief?

32. How does Philip of France seek to mollify her? How does she reply to his attempt? What reproofs has she for Lymoges?

33. What is the Bastard's constant taunt of Lymoges? Explain it.

34. What message arrives from the Pope?

35. How does John receive it, and with what result to himself?

36. What is Pandulph's advice to Philip of France following John's reply to the papal message? How do Austria and Lewis advise him?

37. How does Blanch try to influence the matter?

38. To what action does this disruption by the papal authority lead?

39. What is the outcome of the battle that follows?

40. Whom does the Bastard seek to avenge by killing Austria?

41. Who are taken prisoners by the English?

42. How does John's method of inducing Hubert to do away with Arthur, bespeak his character?

43. What has the Bastard been set to do against the Church in England? Why should such a course appeal to his nature as it is presented? What does it express of the English feeling?

ACT IV

44. Describe the scene between Arthur and Hubert.

45. How do the Lords express their suspicions of John's wickedness with regard to Arthur, and their feeling on account of it? What feeling does this awaken in John?

46. What news concerning the movements of the Dauphin is brought to John at this juncture?

47. Why does it make more alarming to John the possible disaffection of the nobles and his people, owing to Arthur's death?

48. What aspect of the King's villainy does his interview with Hubert betray, when he tries to shift the blame of Arthur's death? What is his main cause of relief when he hears that Arthur still lives?

49. Describe Arthur's death.

50. How do the nobles express themselves on finding the dead Arthur? Especially describe the wrath of Faulconbridge, and its expression of his character.

ACT V

51. Why does John finally accede to the papal demands?

52. What is Lewis's claim? Does John's action restrain him?

53. What are Salisbury's words in substance, regarding the disaffection of the English Barons from the cause of England as represented by John?

54. What does the Bastard advise John with regard to meeting the French?

55. What was the Dauphin's oath with regard to the English Barons who had come to his side against John? How does the betrayal of this oath by Melun affect the Dauphin?

56. What is the result of the battle between the English and French?

57. What news does Hubert bring the Bastard concerning King John? Concerning the Lords?

58. How does John meet his death? What is Holinshed's account of the cause of his meeting it as he did?

59. What final message has arrived from the Dauphin by Pandulph in the last scene?

60. Quote the final words of Faulconbridge?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

The Taming of The Shrew was first printed in the First Folio. A Quarto edition appeared in 1631, with the following title-page:—

"*A wittie and pleasant Comedie called the Taming of the Shrew. As it was acted by His Majesties servants at The Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London. Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop at Saint Dunstones Churchyard under the Diall.* 1631."

This Quarto was certainly printed from the Folio; Smethwicke (or Smythick) was one of the publishers of the latter, and to him, moreover, there was transferred, on November 19, 1607, an old play called *The Taming of A Shrew*, which had been previously issued in 1594, 1596, and 1607, by different owners. It would seem that Smythick, in 1631, issued the Quarto of *The Shrew* instead of *A Shrew*, the copyright of which he had secured.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW

The old original of *The Taming of The Shrew* is extant, and has been often reprinted in modern times (*cp.* Steevens' *Six Old Plays*, 1776; The Shakespeare Society's publications, 1844; Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, &c.). The play was first published, anonymously, in 1594, under the title of *A pleasant conceited Historie, called The taming of A Shrew, as it was sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembrook his servants.* Pope actually attributed this

crude effort to Shakespeare himself; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Shakespeare and Marlowe—their joint-production in 1589—and various similar suggestions have been made by critics. We know absolutely nothing about its authorship, but we may safely assert that it contains no single line from Shakespeare's pen. It is an important document, though its intrinsic value is naught. Its affected classicism, its poetic rant, its cheap lyrism, its strange mixture of hyperbole and bathos, all indicate that the play was the work of some poetaster of the pseudo-Marlowan school, writing about the year 1590–2.

THE DATE OF SHAKESPEARE'S ADAPTATION

The Taming of The Shrew is not mentioned by Meres in 1598; unless, as seems unlikely, it is to be identified with *Love's Labor Won.* Nevertheless the internal evidence points to an early date. Mr. Stokes contends that even "as far back as May, 1594, *The Taming of a Shrew* was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense."

Its omission by Meres is not very singular, when the possible history of Shakespeare's connection with his original is considered.[1] It is very possible that an enlarged version of the play once existed intermediate between *A Shrew* and the play as we have it in First Folio; Shakespeare in fact seems mainly answerable for the revision of the Induction and the scenes in which Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio are the prominent figures. The intermediate adapter knew his Marlowe well; no less than ten Marlowan reminiscences may be detected in the non-Shakespearean portion of *The Shrew.*

These considerations make it difficult to assign a date to the play; on the one hand, there are the alleged non-Shakespearean portions of the play; on the other, Shake-

[1] Meres mentions *King John,* though also an adaptation of an older play; but the re-cast of his original was altogether of a different nature than in the case of *The Shrew.* One should note, too, the mention of *Titus,* and the omission of 1, *2, 3 Henry VI.*

speare's own work belonging to different periods. The style and versification of the more characteristic parts point to about 1597, while the doggerel and quibbles suggest an early date.

At one time we are reminded of Adriana, Luciana, and the Dromios of *The Comedy of Errors;* at another, of Hotspur, Kate, and Falstaff of *Henry IV.*[1] Hence the play is dated by some 1594, by others 1596–7; while certain critics assign it to the years 1601–3. (It is perhaps significant that Dekker's *Patient Grissel* was produced in 1597, and his *Medicine for a Curst Wife* soon after (published in 1602).

SHAKESPEARE'S SHARE IN THE PLAY

As regards the Induction, opinion is divided; but a careful comparison of the two versions leaves little doubt that the revision was Shakespeare's. Act I is almost unanimously assigned to the unknown adapter. Act II, i, is only partly Shakespeare's; the Shakespearean portion has been variously assigned:—ll. 169–326; 115–326, with the omission of ll. 241–254; 115–326. Act III, i, may be safely pronounced non-Shakespearean. Act III, ii, is claimed for Shakespeare, with the exception of ll. 130–150, or possibly of ll. 1–88, 126–185. Act IV, i, iii, v, are throughout Shakespeare's, while Act IV, ii, iv, Act V, i, are similarly throughout non-Shakespearean. Act V, ii, 1–175 (or 1–181), certainly Shakespeare's. (*Cp.* Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual,* p. 185; Furnivall, *Trans. New Shakespeare Society,* 1874; Tolman, *Modern Language Association of America,* 1890.)

[1] The only valuable piece of internal evidence puts us in the same dilemma: in the First Scene of the Induction, line 88 is assigned to *"Sinklo,"* in the Folio; "Sinklo" acted in *3 Henry VI,* an early play, and *2 Henry IV* (*c.* 1597, 8): in the former his name appears instead of "a keeper"; in the latter instead of "a beadle."

["Nicke," the messenger, mentioned in Act I, i, probably stands for Nicholas Tooley, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company; but nothing is to be inferred from this point.]

"THE SHREW" AND "A SHREW": SOME NOTEWORTHY VARIATIONS

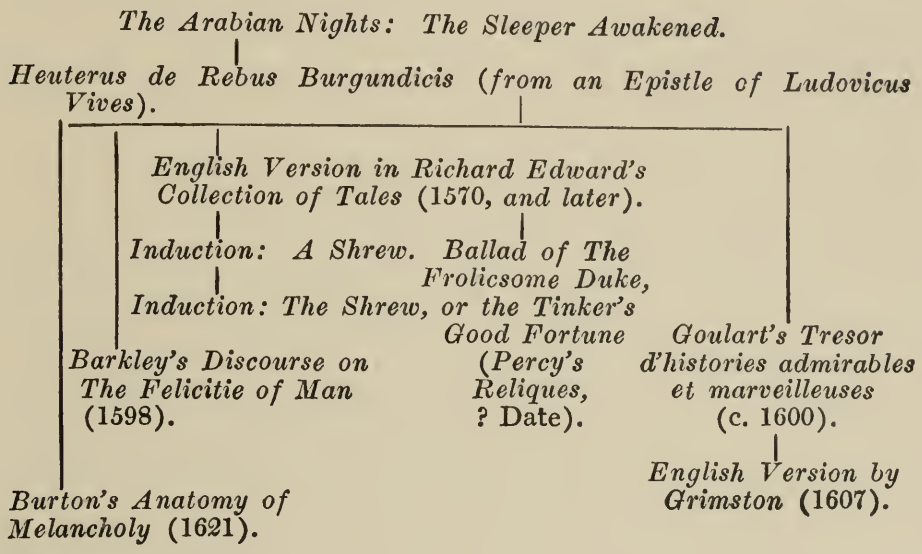
(i) The old play has been thoroughly transformed as far as diction and characterization are concerned, though the plot has been on the whole faithfully followed. (ii) The part of Sly has been considerably curtailed in *The Shrew;* [1] in the original we are throughout reminded of his existence, and he is disposed of at the end of the play: —"Then enter two bearing off Sly in his own apparell again, and leave him where they found him, and then goe out. Then enter the Tapster." An amusing colloquy follows. Sly explains that he has had "the bravest dream that ever thou heardest in all thy life," etc. (iii) Further, the scene of action has been changed from "Athens" to "Padua." (iv) The vulgar and mercenary tyrant "Ferando" has given place to the "whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio." (v) Kate in *A Shrew* has two sisters, Philema and Emilia, represented by Bianca (and the widow whom Hortensio ultimately weds) in *The Shrew.* (vi) The plot of the old play has been rendered more complex by the addition of a comedy of intrigue—viz., the story of Bianca and Lucentio.

THE SOURCES. (I) THE INDUCTION

The idea of the Induction is thoroughly oriental, and is familiar to readers of the *Arabian Nights,* whence it probably passed into European literature. It is said that a similar incident actually took place at the marriage of Duke Phillip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. Perhaps the good Duke Phillip was wishful to emulate the example of the good Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. The pedigree of the chief English versions of this world-wide story, dramatized by Calderon in his *La Vida es Sueño*

[1] From an artistic point of view, Sly's comments at the end of Act I, i, seem quite out of place, and are certainly not Shakespeare's.

(*Life's a Dream*, c. 1633), probably from Rojas' *Viaje Entretenido*, is perhaps as follows:—



(II) THE MAIN PLOT

The nearest analogue in Elizabethan literature to *The Taming of The Shrew* is to be found in a popular poem entitled, *A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morrelles Skin* (*before* 1575),[1] but this poem cannot be considered the direct source of the play. Several similar stories are to be found in Italian literature; perhaps the most noteworthy is to be found in the *Notte piacevoli* of Straparolo, VIII, 2 (published in 1550).

(III) THE UNDER PLOT

The story of Bianca and her lovers was taken directly from Acts IV and V of Gascoigne's *Supposes* (an English version of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*), the first English prose comedy, acted at Gray's Inn, 1566.[2]

[1] Printed, together with the *Taming of A Shrew*, in the (old) Shakespeare Society's publication.

[2] From this same source, too, the name "Petruchio" was, perhaps, derived.

(iv) THE LATIN LESSON

This element (Act III, i) may have been suggested by a passage in an old play, *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, printed 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Plays*, VI, 500).

THE DURATION OF ACTION

According to Mr. Daniel's analysis, five or six days are represented on the stage, with intervals which amount to something under a fortnight.

Day 1. Act I.
Day 2. Act II. Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel.
Day 3. Act III, i. Saturday, eve of the wedding.
Day 4. Act III, ii; Act IV, i. Sunday, the wedding-day. Interval (?).
Day 5. Act IV, ii. Interval (?).
Day 6. Act IV, iii, iv, v, and Act V (? The second Sunday).

Possibly Acts I and II should be considered as one day. "Time, however," adds Mr. Daniel, "in this play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old play the whole story is knit up in the course of two days" (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Society*, 1877–79, p. 168).

THE TAMER TAMED

Fletcher attempted a companion picture to the *Taming of the Shrew* in his *Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed* (written before 1633); in this play we are introduced to our old friend Petruchio again, but Katharina is dead and "eke her patience," and in her place we are introduced to her successor, Maria, the "masculine" daughter of Petronius, who tries a process of taming on her own account,

aided by faithful allies, to wit, her sister Livia, her cousin and "Commander-in-Chief" Bianca, "city wives," "county wives," etc. In the end Petruchio confesses himself, in more senses than one, "born again," and the Epilogue sums up as follows:—

"The Tamer's Tamed; but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider, in their lives
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives
Nor can the women from this precedent
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And as they stand bound to love mutually.
If this effect arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded may deserve applause,
We something more than hope our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Taming of the Shrew makes the eleventh in the division of Comedies in the folio of 1623, where it was first printed; or, if there were an earlier impression, no copy of it has reached us. In the original the acts are distinguished, but not the scenes. And the text is in general so clear as to leave little room for critical controversy.

No certain contemporary notice of this play having been discovered, we have no external guide to the probable date of the composition. So that here we must make the best we can out of such judgments as come recommended to our hands. Malone at first thought the play was written in 1606, but this opinion did not hold: he says,—"On a more attentive perusal of it, and more experience in our author's style and manner, I am persuaded that it was one of his very early productions, and near, in point of time, to *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*." Farmer thought the Induction to be in the Poet's best manner, and a great part of the play in his worst, or even below it; that more than one hand was concerned in it, and that Shakespeare had little to do with any of the scenes where Katharine and Petruchio are not engaged. To which Steevens replies,—"I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakespeare was not its author: I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharina and Petruchio." Mr. Collier, whose judgment in such matters is always deserving of respect, was once of the opinion that it should be set down to 1606; but his later sentence is for 1601, or

1602. We should attach more weight to his judgment herein, had he withheld the reasons thereof. One of which is, that in *Hamlet* Shakespeare used Baptista as the name of a woman, but, before he wrote *The Taming of the Shrew* had found out the mistake. He adds,—"The great probability is, that *Hamlet* was written at the earliest in 1601, and *The Taming of the Shrew* perhaps came from his pen not very long afterwards." The other reason is as follows. In *The pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissill*, which was written by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, in 1599, one of the persons says,—"I will learn your medicines to tame shrews." In July, 1602, Dekker received payment of Henslowe for a play he was then writing, entitled *A Medicine for a curst Wife*. From whence Mr. Collier conjectures, "that Shakespeare produced his *Taming of the Shrew* soon after *Patient Grissill* had been brought upon the stage, and as a sort of counterpart to it; and that Dekker followed up the subject in the summer of 1602 by his *Medicine for a curst Wife*, having been incited by the success of Shakespeare's play at a rival theater." There is much ingenuity, perhaps some force, in these reasons; but surely not enough to stand against the internal evidence of the play; which is too strong to admit of the belief that the whole could have been written by Shakespeare at that time. Mr. Collier is sensible of this, and therefore supposes that some parts of the play must have come from another hand; a supposition for which there is no authority, save that the assigning so late a date renders it necessary. Our persuasion, therefore, is, that the best parts of the play do not relish much of Shakespeare as he was at the period in question; and that none are so bad but they may well enough have been written by him several years before. And we should much sooner think he wrote it at different times, than that he had any help in writing it then.

That no certain contemporary notice of this play should have come down to us, is the more remarkable forasmuch as we have several such of an earlier play, called *The Tam-*

ing of a Shrew, which was first published in 1594, again in 1596, and a third time in 1607. The title-page of 1594 reads thus: "A pleasant-conceited History, called The Taming of a Shrew: As it was sundry times acted by the right honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie at his shop at the Royal Exchange. 1594." Of this play there are, also, three several entries in the Stationers' Books; and Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, says,—"Read the book of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her." All which argues the play to have been popular enough. And Shakespeare may have taken the more pains to keep his play out of print, and therefore out of the Stationers' Books, because it was so like one already printed.

The old *Taming of a Shrew* evidently furnished Shakespeare the plot, order, and incidents of his play, so far as these relate to the Lord, the Tinker, Petruchio, Katharina, and the whole taming process. The scene of the first is at Athens, of the other at Padua, both of which are represented as famous seats of learning. Alphonsus, an Athenian merchant, has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son of the duke of Sestos, goes in quest of Phylema, Polidor of Emelia: as for Kate, she is such a terrible shrew nobody seems likely to want her; which puts the father upon taking an oath not to admit any suitors to the younger, till the elder be disposed of. Presently one Ferando, hearing of her fame, offers himself as her lover, and proceeds to carry her by storm. The wooing, the marriage, the entertainment of the bride at Ferando's country house, the passages with the tailor and haberdasher, the trip to her father's, and Kate's subdued and pliant behavior, all follow, in much the same style and strain as in Shakespeare's play. The underplot, however, is quite different. Aurelius and Polidor do not carry on their suits in disguise; though the former brings in a

merchant to personate his father, who arrives in time to discover the trick, and lets off plenty of indignation thereat. All the parties being at length married, the play winds up with a wager between the three husbands respecting the obedience of their several wives, and the tamed Kate reads her sisters a lecture on the virtue and sweetness of wifely submission.—The persons and proceedings of the Induction, also, are much the same in both, save that in the first Sly continues his remarks from time to time throughout the play, and finally, having drunk himself back into insensibility, is left where he was found, and upon awaking regards it all as a glorious dream; whereas in Shakespeare this part is not carried beyond the first act.

This close similarity of title, matter, and interest, shows that the Poet had no thought of concealing his obligations; rather, it looks as if he meant to turn the popularity of the old play to the advantage of his company. Nevertheless, excepting a very few lines and phrases imitated or adopted, the dialogue, language, and poetry are all his own: the characters, even when partly borrowed, are wrought out into a much more determinate and specific individuality; and the whole is quickened and permeated with the briskness and vigor of his genius: even in the poorest parts there is a clean evolving of the thought, an energetic directness of style, and a driving right straight at the point, that lift it immeasurably above its model. So that the thing is emphatically a new substance cast in a borrowed mould; and that, too, with as little disturbing as might be of those associations that would be apt to make it tell on the receipts of the theater. Yet the old play must be owned to have considerable merit: probably few of the English dramas then in being should take rank much before it: it has occasional blushes of genuine poetry, some force and skill of characterization, and a good deal of sound stage-effect; though, upon the whole, the style is very stiff, frigid, pedantic, and artificial; and often, in setting out to be humorous, it runs into flat vulgarity and vapid common-place.

There is no telling with certainty when or by whom the old play was written. Malone conjectured it to be the work of Robert Greene, who died September 3, 1592, at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate. The weight of probability bears strongly in favor of that conjecture. An argument of no mean force has been drawn from the title-page to the Orlando Furioso, which is known to have been Greene's, because it was spoken of as such by a contemporary writer. Both were anonymous, were issued the same year, and by the same publisher; and both are called histories. Knight, after stating this point, asks,—"Might not the recent death of Greene, the reputation he left behind him, the unhappy circumstances of his death, and the remarkable controversy between Nash and Harvey, in 1592, 'principally touching Robert Greene,' have led the bookseller to procure and publish these plays, if they were both written by him? It is impossible, we think, not to be struck with the resemblance of these performances, in the structure of the verse, the excess of mythological allusion, the labored finery intermixed with feebleness, and the occasional outpouring of a rich and gorgeous fancy." And he thereupon quotes from the two plays several passages, a comparison of which certainly goes to bear out his view.

To our mind this view has been strengthened by an anonymous writer of our own country, who has pointed out a number of passages in *The Taming of a Shrew* that were evidently copied or taken from Marlowe's *Faustus* and *Tamburlaine*. From these the writer himself infers the play to have been by Marlowe. Against this we could start many arguments; but probably all of them would not weigh so much with considerate readers as the judgment of Mr. Dyce, who, after giving his opinion the other way, remarks as follows: "I find enough in *The Taming of a Shrew* to convince me that it was the work of some one who had closely studied Marlowe's writings, and who frequently could not resist the temptation to adopt the

very words of his favorite dramatist. It is quite possible that he was not always conscious of his more trifling plagiarisms from Marlowe,—recollections of whose phraseology may have mingled imperceptibly with the current of his thoughts: but the case was certainly otherwise when he transferred to his own comedy whole passages of *Tamburlaine* or *Faustus.*"

Marlowe was killed June 1, 1593. Of his *Faustus* the earliest known edition was in 1604. Henslowe's *Diary* has several entries concerning it, the earliest of which is dated September 30, 1594. From one of these entries it appears that twenty shillings were paid to Thomas Dekker, December 20, 1597, for making additions to *Faustus.* The play was also entered in the Stationers' Register January 7, 1601. All which seems to warrant the conclusion that it had not been printed in 1594, when *The Taming of a Shrew* first came out. So that the author of the latter play, whoever he might be, must have had access to the manuscript of *Faustus.* And as this was probably written as early as 1588 or 1589, there appears no reason but that the above-mentioned plagiarisms from it may have been made several years before *The Taming of a Shrew* came from the press. The question, then, rises, who would be more likely to have such a freedom with Marlowe's manuscript, than his admiring friend and fellow-dramatist Robert Greene?

The upshot of all this argument, so far as regards our present purpose, is, that Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* may have been written before Greene's death. If this be granted, (and it can scarce be denied that the internal evidence makes strongly for as early a date,) then we may not unfairly presume *The Taming of the Shrew* to have been one of the plays referred to in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a million of Repentance.* Part of the passage was quoted in our Introduction to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* but the whole is so remarkable, that it may well enough bear to be quoted again. He is ex-

horting Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, "those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays."

"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnish'd in our colors. Is it not strange that I to whom they all have been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tigre's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. O! that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse; yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms."

That the "upstart crow" meant Shakespeare, is on all hands allowed. And the general opinion is, that the second and third parts of *King Henry VI* are the plays in which the Poet more especially drew upon the labors of Greene and his friends. Yet the originals of those plays are not nearly so much in Greene's manner, as the old *Taming of a Shrew*. This, to be sure, noway infers but they were among the writings meant; for Greene complains of others' grievances as well as his own. But the passage quoted certainly conveys the impression that the writer had himself suffered by the purloining of his plumes; that his own work had been specially invaded. In case of those he seems to have had little if any cause to complain on his own account, however he might resent a wrong done to his

friends; and it is natural to suspect that Shakespeare had remodeled or appropriated some other work in which Greene had a stronger personal interest, and felt himself more nearly touched.

For our own part, though we cannot quite say we believe that Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* was one of the plays referred to in *The Groatsworth of Wit*, yet we have to admit there are some pretty strong reasons for believing so. And from the early publication of the older play we are apt to suspect that it may have been in a manner superseded on the stage by Shakespeare's improvement upon it; while in turn the printing of that may have served to discourage the acting of this. It is to be further observed that Henslowe's *Diary* has an entry showing that *The Taminge of a Shrewe* was performed at Newington Butts, June 11, 1594. Now Henslowe was notoriously careless in the form of his accounts. So that if it be not certain that this entry related to Shakespeare's play, neither is it at all improbable that such was the case. Henslowe's accounts at the time in question were of performances by "my lord admirell men and my lord chamberlen men." The Lord Admiral was the Earl of Nottingham; the Lord Chamberlain's men were the company to which Shakespeare belonged: and the title-page of the older play in 1594 reads,—"As it was sundry times acted by the right honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants;" a company quite distinct from both the former.

The most that seems able to be said against so early a date as we have been arguing for, is, that the play was not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and that the express purpose of his list would scarce have allowed him to omit *The Taming of the Shrew*, had it been in existence then. There is indeed much force in this, as Mr. Collier observes; nor should we well know how to answer it but for the fact that there was then another play, twice printed, well known, with almost the same title, and therefore very liable to be confounded with it. Besides, it were natural enough, in the circumstances, for Meres himself to doubt whether

Shakespeare had written any such play, knowing there was one of that name that he did not write. But indeed nothing is plainer than that there might be ever so much mistaking between two performances so alike in title and all the main points of stage-effect.

It hath been already remarked how Shakespeare varies from his predecessor in the matter of the underplot. Here he has been traced to *The Supposes*, a play translated from the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, by Gascoigne, and acted at Grey's Inn in 1566. There he probably found the names of Petruchio and Licio, and learned how to make Lucentio and Tranio pass off the Pedant for Vincentio.—There is no likelihood that the Poet went beyond *The Taming of a Shrew* for the material of his Induction; since all that any body but himself could have been the author of, is to be found there. The main features of this part, however, were by no means original in that play: it is one of the old stories that seem to be always on the go, being told of divers persons and at sundry times. If it have not traveled all round the globe, it has been to Arabia, and perhaps was born there; as the earliest known traces of it are met with in *The Sleeper Awakened*, of the *Thousand and One Nights*, but suspected by Mr. Lane not to be a genuine tale. But the most available version of it is in Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, translated by E. Grimestone in 1607, though it had appeared in English as early as 1570, in a collection of stories by Richard Edwards.

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, being at Bruxelles, and taking a walk one night after supper with some of his favorites, found a certain artisan lying drunk and sound asleep upon the stones. It pleased him in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused the sleeper to be taken up and carried into his palace; to be laid in one of the richest beds; a rich night-cap to be given him; his foul shirt to be taken off, and one of fine holland to be put on him. He having digested his

wine and beginning to awake, there came about his bed pages and grooms of the Duke's chamber, who draw the curtains, make many courtesies, and ask him if it please him to rise, and what apparel he will put on that day. This new *Monsieur*, amazed at such courtesy, and doubting whether he dream or wake, lets himself be dressed, and led out of the chamber. Then come noblemen who salute him with all honor, and conduct him to the mass, where with great ceremony they give him the book of the Gospel, and Pixe to kiss, as they usually did to the Duke. Brought back thence to the palace, he washes his hands, and sits down at the table well furnished. After dinner, cards are brought in, with a great sum of money, and he, a duke in his own fancy, plays with the chief of the court. This done, he is taken to walk in the garden, and to hunt the hare, and to hawk; then back to the palace, where he sups in state. Candles being lighted, the music strikes up, the tables are removed, and the gentlemen and ladies have a dance. Then they play a pleasant comedy, which is followed by a banquet with store of Ipocras and precious wine, so that he is soon drunk again, and falls fast asleep.

The critics have been very warm and unanimous in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, wondering and regretting that he did not keep it up to the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. We are otherwise minded, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather hindered than set forward by any comings-in of other matter; that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. Nevertheless, the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much of it.

As to the Induction itself, we confess with Hazlitt, that

if forced to give up this or the play we should be not a little puzzled to choose. But then this, no doubt, is partly because the play, though abounding in well-aimed theatrical hits, is one of comparatively little merit. The Induction is wonderfully stuffed with meat, and that, too, of the most savory quality: the free, varied transpiration of character crowded into it is literally prodigious for so small a space. And yet how the whole thing swims in a stream of the most racy and delicate humor! and therewithal has a light aerial grace, touched occasionally with the richest colors of poetry, hovering over it; all, together, making it one of the most expressive and delectable things we shall any where find.

The two plots of the play, as Johnson observes, are skillfully interwoven, so as to give a wide variety of comic incident, without running into perplexity. And such variety was the more needful here, forasmuch as the interest turns in a very unusual degree upon the incidents; though the thought and speech are every where sprightly and brisk enough. For if the dialogue seldom rise to poetry, it never becomes vapid and flat, these being qualities of which Shakespeare was hardly capable. As to Bianca and the proceedings of her suitors, they seem of little consequence any way save as helping to make up an agreeable variety of matter. Bianca apparently has not force of character enough to do any thing wrong, else she had probably been as naughty as her sister. The play indeed has little depth and vigor of characterization save what is contained in Grumio, Katharina, and Petruchio: these, especially the last, have character enough, are thoroughly compacted of individual life and are forcibly drawn.

In Kate it was no slight thing to reconcile the demands of truth and of the stage together. For by the design of the piece she was to undergo, at least in appearance, an entire revolution of character in a very short space of time; such a change as could not be supposed to proceed by the methods of growth: so that there was no way but that she must truly be all the while what she at last comes

to appear; for it is plain that so great a transformation could not be both natural and real. Accordingly her faults at first are clearly the result of over-indulgence rather than of an ugly and ill-conditioned nature. With a good stock of reason and right feeling, nothing was wanting but a vigorous and resolute hand to discipline them forth into action: by nature proud and willful, as well-built folks are apt to be, it was for art to bend her will, in which case her pride itself would tend to make her go right; and until this is done she is perverse, froward, and cross, and gets somewhat in a habit of showing her freedom by putting on unamiable traits. Thus her shrewishness is for the most part assumed, yet with others it passes for real, and so gets her a bad name, which she knows she does not deserve, and yet is too proud to remove the occasion thereof. Her worst conduct is towards her sister, and that, too, at the very time when she most keenly feels the evils such conduct is drawing upon her. For education has wrought with nature to make her crave the honors and comforts of marriage, and her vexation at the prospect of missing them urges her into greater transports of petulance, and those transports fall heaviest, of course, upon her who has what she desires. In some such way as this a true womanhood often instinctively challenges a taming and subduing hand; thus it dares a conquering power, because it wants to be conquered: there is many a good woman who will not be ruled by her husband, if she can help it, yet will love with all her heart and respect with all her soul the husband that does rule her, provided his government issue from a sterling manhood; that is, if it be because he loves her too well and too wisely to let her have her own way.

Now all this Katharina has in Petruchio, whom Hazlitt aptly describes as "a madman in his senses, a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth, and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures; acting his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spir-

its, and without a particle of ill-humor from beginning to end." His plan is, to drive her out of her humor by becoming just like her, only more so. In pursuance of this, the more wild and absurd his statements, the more he insists upon them, and, out of pure love for her, will not let her rest till she assents to them; so that she has no way but to endorse his maddest assertions, and when she does this his end is accomplished, and he ceases to make them. For she must first be taught to set charity before knowledge, love before logic, and that to live at peace with her husband is worth far more than to have the better of him in argument; and with this view he keeps saying things that no woman in her senses would or could admit, but for the sake of such peace. In all which he does but make his will stand for reason, till her will gives place to reason. At first, indeed, she thinks he is what he seems, and accordingly neither loves nor respects him; but when she perceives that he has but put on this character as an offset and antidote to hers; that it proceeds noway from weakness, but from superabundant strength; that he has perfect control over it, and will not be diverted from it, nor beaten out of it, till his work is done; then she begins to rejoice in the match, and to build her heart upon him, willingly yielding herself to the sway of his stout, manly, generous mind.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

PETRUCHIO AND KATHARINA

The wooer, Petruchio, is fashioned out of coarse clay; he comes not to Padua as Lucentio does, for the sake of study, but to marry for gold. The rich shrew is offered to him in jest, and he enters upon his courtship in a spirit of good-humored bravado; this even his Grumio perceives. He has never been of refined nature and habits; he goes about badly dressed; to strike his servants and wring them by the ears on the smallest cause, is common with him; but at the same time he has traveled and is experienced, he has learned to know men and how to handle them. To tame the shrew cannot frighten a man who, with all his manly power, is conscious of understanding the play of jest and flattering gallantry, and who in extreme cases knows that the

> Little fire grows great with little wind,
> Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

—He is a soldier, huntsman, and sailor—enough of each to develop a rugged character; he is a rigid disciplinarian, unapproachable and imposing. He is compared by Katharina to a crab-apple, and I know not what could be more expressively likened to the hard-skinned muscular faces of soldiers long in service.

Katharina, whom he undertakes to woo, is like a wasp, like a foal that kicks from its halter—pert, quick, and determined, but full of good heart; Petruchio already takes pleasure in her nature, because her honest heart overflows

in the right place, as in the last act with the widow. Spoilt by her father, she is an ill-behaved child, who cannot crave nor thank; who mistreats her gentle sister, binds her, and beats her. She is excited to the highest pitch of violence by her father's preference for her sister, but principally from envy of the numerous suitors who press round Bianca, whilst she has the prospect of remaining unmarried. She is not one of those beautiful feminine souls who remain unembittered with this prospect and in this lot, and who do not lose the special harmony of the female nature. The key rather to her character and to her conduct to the ill-mannered suitor, is that she is embittered against her threatening lot, to "lead apes in hell"—a proverbial humorous expression for the fate of the unmarried, which Beatrice also uses of herself in Much Ado about Nothing. She wishes for a husband, he wishes for gold; thus the way is smoothed to each of them.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

KATHARINA

It is through his wife's physical nature that Petruchio begins his attack. Kate's high stomach is brought down by fatigue, starvation, and want of sleep, and to exasperate her further, all this is done in an overstrained spirit of anxiety about her well-being. So, too, in the scarcely less primary necessity of dress she is tantalized by the sight of caps and gowns of the newest cut, only to see them rejected on the plea that they are not worth the wearing. Through the body the spirit is quickly subdued, and we know that the field is won when on the return journey to Padua we find Katharina ready, at Petruchio's bidding, to call the sun the moon, and to embrace the aged Vincentio as a young, budding virgin.—BOAS, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

SLY

To the *Comedy of Errors* Shakespeare supplied a pathetic frame; here a comic setting encloses the comedy, or rather, encloses it on one side; for the merry fooling of Christopher Sly, which reaches a dramatic conclusion in *The Taming of A Shrew*, is interrupted in Shakespeare's play, where the "Induction" is an introduction, and little more. But in the earlier comedy Sly makes an occasional remark—or is reported to be asleep—throughout the performance, till he is carried back in his drunken slumber to the ale-house door—or near it; and at the close, when he awakes, and hears the ominous words of the tapster, "Your wife will course you for dreaming here to-night," he answers sleepily, "Will she? I know how to tame a shrew, I dreamt upon it all this night till now. . . . I 'le to my wife presently and tame her too." Why did Shakespeare break off this pleasant encircling play? His work has marks of haste, and this may be one reason; or the semi-serious close given to the piece by the over-tamed Katharina made it impossible for him to complete the enveloping comedy.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

The Taming of the Shrew is a play within a play. It is supposed to be a play acted for the benefit of Sly the tinker, who is made to believe himself a lord, when he wakes after a drunken brawl. The character of Sly and the remarks with which he accompanies the play are as good as the play itself. His answer when he is asked how he likes it, "Indifferent well; 'tis a good piece of work, would 'twere done," is in good keeping, as if he were thinking of his Saturday night's job. Sly does not change his tastes with his new situation, but in the midst of splendor and luxury still calls out lustily and repeatedly "for a pot o' the smallest ale." He is very slow in giving up his personal identity in his sudden advancement.—"I am Christophero Sly, call not me honor nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life: and if you give me any conserves, give

me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet, nay, sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.—What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christophero Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen-pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom."

This is honest. "The Slys are no rogues," as he says of himself. We have a great predilection for this representative of the family; and what makes us like him the better is, that we take him to be of kin (not many degrees removed) to Sancho Panza.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE

There is but one trait in Katharina's character that might seem to be wrongly drawn, namely, that the self-willed, violent, refractory girl should so quickly and readily consent to marry Petruchio, and that she obeys him almost without resistance, with, indeed, a nay on her lips, but a yea in her heart. However, upon a closer examination we shall again have to admit this to be a proof of the poet's thorough knowledge of human nature. It would unquestionably have been an easy matter to have given more obvious motives for Katharina's consent, but the best motive here was the very surprise, the irresistible impression made upon her by an energetic and thoroughly manly spirit. In Petruchio she probably, for the first time in her life, met with a man worthy the name of a man; hitherto she had been surrounded only by women in male attire. A genuine man she could not but esteem, nay even love, and accordingly

obey. This, in fact, is the result of woman's nature in general, and the psychological result of the pride and unusual energy of her character. Petruchio and Katharina, therefore, are excellently suited to one another, and as the closing scene intimates, their marriage will prove a happy one. And herein again we find an indication of the fundamental idea of the whole: that only that which is natural, and in accordance with the nature of mankind and things, is enduring, and a guarantee of happiness and contentment.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

WEAKNESS OF THE PLAY

Looking over the play at large it must be thought that the leading subject is scarcely of a caliber to correspond with the length of it, and, as in the *Comedy of Errors*, not only is blank verse bestowed on matter scarcely worthy, but the theme (at least as it is treated) seems more akin to farce than comedy. Part of this weakness is no doubt due to the comparative tameness and disparity of the underplot. This, the wooing of Bianca by lovers in disguise and masquerading servants, is a characterless tale of intrigue, and however successfully its incidents may be interwoven with those of Petruchio's enterprise, this does not overcome the essential discordance in tone and spirit. The tale of Katharina and Petruchio stands in unsupported isolation, bold spirited, lively and exciting in itself, and requiring doubtless some more sober relief, but a relief not dependent on tameness or mere difference of incident, but with contrasted geniality of characterization that would not only relieve but refresh.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

TRACES OF SHAKESPEARE'S HAND

With beauty, or with pathos, or with thought, Shakspere can mingle his mirth, and then he is happy, and knows how to deal with play of wit or humorous characterization; but an entirely comic subject somewhat discon-

certs the poet. On this ground, if no other were forthcoming, it might be suspected that the *Taming of the Shrew* was not altogether the work of Shakspere's hand. The secondary intrigues and minor incidents were of little interest to the poet. But in the buoyant force of Petruchio's character, in his subduing tempest of high spirits, and in the person of the foiled revoltress against the law of sex, who carries into her wifely loyalty the same energy which she had shown in her virgin *sauvagerie*, there were elements of human character in which the imagination of the poet took delight.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen and Servants } *Persons in the Induction*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua*
VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa*
LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca*
PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina*
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *suitors to Bianca*
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *servants to Lucentio*
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } *servants to Petruchio*
A Pedant

KATHARINA, *the shrew* { *daughters to Baptista*
BIANCA,
Widow

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

INDUCTION

Christopher Sly, a tinker, is discovered in a drunken sleep by a lord. The latter, to make some fun, orders his servants to take him to the castle, to place him in the fairest chamber, to dress him in fine clothes, to put rings on his fingers, and to have sweet music ready to play when he should awake. All this is done and when Sly awakes, he is persuaded that he is a nobleman who has been insane for many years. For his amusement the following play is presented.

ACT I

In Padua lives Baptista, a rich gentleman. He has two daughters, Katharina the elder, who is known far and near for her shrewish disposition, and Bianca the younger, who is equally celebrated for her charms and gentleness. The latter has many suitors, but her father refuses her to each one, saying he will not consent to her marrying until her sister is off his hands. One of these admirers is Lucentio, a gentleman of Pisa. He disguises himself and enters Baptista's service as a tutor for Bianca. His own name and position he bestows on his servant, Tranio. In the meanwhile there has come to Padua, Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, who determines to marry Katharina.

ACT II

Baptista gladly consents to this marriage. Tranio as Lucentio asks to be counted among Bianca's suitors. It is with a strong wooing that Petruchio courts Katharina;

her loud and angry words are greeted by his praises of her sweetness and gentleness. When her father comes in Petruchio tells him to prepare the wedding-feast, for they are agreed to be married the following Sunday.

ACT III

In another part of the house the real Lucentio in his guise as tutor tries to win Bianca. On Sunday, when all the wedding-guests are assembled, the bridegroom is missing. After a long wait, he comes in a fantastic attire which he cannot be persuaded against wearing during the ceremony. As they leave the church he insists on starting immediately for their home, not even waiting for the wedding-feast, although Katharina entreats and storms.

ACT IV

At his country-house Petruchio pretends to be very careful of his wife's welfare, but he finds fault with the food, so that she gets nothing to eat, and when she retires to sleep, he finds fault with the bed and tosses the pillows and clothes about until Katharina is forced to seek rest in a chair. Every time she sleeps she is awakened by his storming at the servants. The next day it is the same way; even a new hat and gown which he had ordered for her she is not allowed to have, although, or rather because, she likes them. Finally, to make Petruchio keep his temper, Katharina will do or say whatever he likes. In Padua, Tranio as Lucentio introduces a schoolmaster to Baptista as his father and by the former's help wins Baptista's consent to his marriage with Bianca. The real Lucentio is successful with the lady herself.

ACT V

Just then, matters are complicated by the arrival of Lucentio's real father. Tranio tries to bluff it out to make time for his master and is about to have the father arrested

when Lucentio and Bianca arrive and announce their marriage. Explanations are made and a great feast is spread in Lucentio's house. Among the guests are Petruchio and Katharina and a third bride and groom. The gentlemen pass jokes about Petruchio's wife and after the dinner is over and the men are alone, each wagers that his wife is the most obedient and gentle. To the surprise of all Katharina is the only one who yields to her husband's wishes.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

INDUCTION

Scene I

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I 'll pheeze you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa!
Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?
Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.
Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third borough. [*Exit.*

3. *"The Slys";* Knight says,—"The tinker was right in boasting the antiquity of his family, though he did not precisely recollect the name of the Conqueror." Doubtless the name is from the same original as our words *sly* and *sleight.* So that there have been Slys ever since there began to be *skillful, cunning* men. The name is said to have been common in the Poet's native town.—H. N. H.

9. *"go by, Jeronimy";* a popular phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*—"the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time."—I. G.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law: I 'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What 's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

17. *"Brach Merriman"; "brach"* usually means a female hound, as in the next line; the sequence of thought requires "brach" to be a verb: perhaps it is used in the sense of "couple," "mate." Hanmer proposed *"leech";* Keightley, *"bathe";* Singer (ed. 2) *"trash,"* &c.—I. G.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he waked.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honor will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
[*Exit Servingman.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Traveling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An 't please your honor, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

64. *"And he says he is,"* &c., so the old eds. The reading is probably correct; the line means "when he says he is mad, say that he dreams." Rowe proposed *"And when he says he's poor"*; Keightley *"And when he says what he is,"* &c.—I. G.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thank your honor.
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.
A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honor means.
Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behavior,—
For yet his honor never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.
A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,

88. The Folio and Quarto prefix *"Sincklo,"* the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company, who is mentioned also in stage-directions of Quarto edition (1600) of *2 Henry IV,* V. iv., and in the Folio, *3 Henry VI,* III. i.—I. G.

"Soto" is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased.* —I. G.

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance,
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honorable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, 'What is 't your honor will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

112. *"accomplished,"* performed.—C. H. H.

First Serv. "Will't please your Lordship drink a cup of sack?"
Second Serv. "Will't please your Honour taste of these conserves?"
Third Serv. "What raiment will your Honour wear to-day?"

Taming of the Shrew. Induction, Scene 2.

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions.
[*Exit a Servingman.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

[*A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*

Enter aloft Sly, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?
Sec. Serv. Will 't please your honor taste of these conserves?
Third Serv. What raiment will your honor wear to-day?
Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honor' nor 'lordship:' I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me

131. *"usurp,"* assume.—C. H. H.

conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment
I 'll wear; for I have no more doublets than
backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no
more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more
feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look
through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not
I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-
heath, by birth a peddler, by education a card-
maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and
now by present profession a tinker? Ask
Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,
if she know me not: if she say I am not
fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale,
score me up for the lyingest knave in Chris-
tendom. What! I am not bestraught:
here 's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady
mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants
droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your
house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banish-
ment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, aye, fleeter than the roe.
Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savors and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;

85. *"of,"* during.—C. H. H.

And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Aye, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, attended.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband? My men should call me 'lord:' I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

96. *"John Naps of Greece";* Blackstone proposes to read, "old John Naps o'the Green." Probably there is an allusion to some place in Warwickshire, then known by the name of Greece."—H. N. H.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?
Lord. 'Madam' and nothing else: so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.
Page. Aye, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly. Aye, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave citizens
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness

15. *"hopes conceived"*; that is, to fullfil the expectations of his friends.—H. N. H.

By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Tra. Mi perdonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

26. *"affected,"* disposed.—C. H. H.
32. *Cp. The Taming of a Shrew:—*

"Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
To Plato's school and Aristotle's walks."—I. G.

42. *"If Biondello, thou wert";* the Collier MS. reads "now were"; Dyce adopts this emendation.—I. G.

But stay a while: what company is this?
Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. [*Aside*] To cart her rather: she 's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!

64. *"To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool";* an old expression occurring in Skelton's *Merrie Tales.* "Hys wife would divers times in the weeke kimbe his head with a iii. footed stoole." —I. G.

Tra. Husht, master! here 's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca: [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,

Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.
[*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here 's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake 's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labor and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What 's that, I pray?

108–109. *"Their love";* it seems that we should read—*Your* love. yr in old writing stood for either *their* or *your*. If *their* love be right, it must mean—the good-will of Baptista and Bianca towards us.—H. N. H.

"Blowing the nails" seems to have been a proverbial expression for *doing nothing*.—H. N. H.

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the highcross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole? He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold!

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Aye, marry, am I sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should:

I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my color'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore

I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him? would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let 's go: one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,

240. *"I, sir! ne'er a whit."* Rowe proposed *"Ay, sir, ne'er,"* &c.; Dyce, *"Ay, sir.—Ne'er."* It is difficult to determine whether *"I"* is the personal pronoun, or stands, as is often the case, for *"Ay."*—I. G.

253–254. *"The presenters," i. e.* Sly and his attendants in the balcony above.—I. G.

surely: comes there any more of it?
Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*

Scene II

Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship!
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it;
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what 's the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? 'Con tutto il core ben trovato,' may I say.
Hor. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.'
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir; well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

26. *"Petruchio";* Gascoigne in his *Supposes* has spelled this name correctly *Petrucio,* but Shakespeare wrote it *Petruchio,* in order to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Dekker writes *Infeliche* for *Infelice.*—H. N. H.

28. *"what he 'leges in Latin";* the Folios and Quarto, *"leges,"* an authorized form for *"alleges":* Grumio, strange to say, though an Italian, mistakes Italian for Latin.—I. G.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake
you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me
here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock
me soundly'? And come you now with,
'knocking at the gate'?
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's
pledge:
Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?
Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor'd wife?
Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.
Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

60. *"Ill-favored"* has reference, no doubt, to the features of her mind, not of her person. *"Shrewd"* in the sense of *shrew.*—H. N. H.

Onc rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is; why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst

74. *"Adriatic seas";* a writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare,* in a note upon this passage, says,—"The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by 'the swelling Adriatic seas,' which pour over it into the Lagunes."—H. N. H.

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

118. *"a cat";* Mr. Boswell justly remarks, "that nothing is more common in ludicrous or playful discourse than to use a comparison where no resemblance is intended."—H. N. H.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.
Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.
Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.
Gru. Here 's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?
Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.
Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!

120. *"Keep"* here means *care,* keeping, custody.—H. N. H.

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed:
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is!
Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!
Pet. Peace, sirrah!
Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.
Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behavior

153–154. *"paper"* . . . *"them"*; changed by Pope to "papers": Mr. Daniel considers *"paper"* to be the note of the *"books,"* and *"them"* the books.—I. G.

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.
Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.
Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? aye, or I 'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is 't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let 's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offense?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

227. *"Not her to";* the original has a dash in this place. As the dialogue here runs in rhyme, the ending of the next verse shows that this was to end with *woo*. Of course Tranio anticipates and interrupts Gremio.—H. N. H.

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!
Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he 'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.
Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,

273. *"gratify,"* reward.—C. H. H.

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be gone.

Hor. The motion 's good indeed and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto.

[*Exeunt.*

286. *"motion,"* proposal.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Padua. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive

You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be revenged.
[*Flies after Bianca.*
Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*
Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!
Pet. And you, good sir; Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.
Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.
Bap. You 're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvelous forward.
Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.
Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle sir [*to Tranio*], methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;

75–84, arranged as verse in the Folios and Quarto, first printed as prose by Pope.—I. G.

That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favor as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with Luc. and Hor.*
Bio. following.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,

105. *"Lucentio is your name."* We may suppose, with Mr. Lee, that "From Lucentio" or the like was written on the parcel.—C. H. H.

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.
Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Aye, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.
Pet. Aye, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she: 'I 'll fume with them:'
And, with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practise with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I 'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I 'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what 's a movable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Aye, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

207. *"no such jade as you";* probably an error for *"no jade for such as you,"* as conjectured by Hudson: many other less obvious emendations have been proposed, *e. g. "no such load as you, sir"* (Singer), &c.—I. G.

212–214. *"buzzard"* in this passage is a crux: its three senses are, I think, punned on by the speakers:—(i.) a simpleton (l. 212); (ii.) a mean hawk (ll. 213, 214); in the latter case Petruchio interprets it as (iii.) "a buzzing insect," hence "you wasp" (l. 215). Katharine's reply seems to mean:—"that, in calling her a turtle, he has mistaken a hawk for a dove"; underlying this retort there may be a suggestion of the proverbial "blind buzzard."—I. G.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Aye, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I 'll try. [*She strikes him.*
Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.

301. *"morn"; cp. Troilus,* I. iii. 229:—

"Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus."

The Collier MS. has *"moone."*—I. G.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

330. *"We will have rings and things,"* probably a fragment of an old ballad. Collier quotes some lines bearing a very strong resemblance to these "from the recitation of an old lady"—a vague authority.—I. G.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'Tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me,

383. *"Marseilles' road,"* Folio 1 and Quarto, *"Marcellus";* the other Folios *"Marsellis";* the word is obviously trisyllabic; the apostrophe is not needed, *cp. "Venice gold," "Pisa walls"* in the previous speech. —I. G.

If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

Tra. That 's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbor. [*Exit Baptista.*

Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.
[*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;
And that 's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cuning. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Padua. Baptista's house.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

4. Theobald proposed *"she is a shrew, but, wrangling pedant, this is";* evidently some words are lost, but it is useless to attempt the restoration of the line, as there is no evidence.—I. G.

9. *"Preposterous,"* here in its literal sense, of one who inverts the natural order of things.—C. H. H.

"so far to know," far enough to know.—C. H. H.

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before,—'Simois,' I am Lucentio,—'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;—'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—'Priami,' is my man Tranio,—'regia,' bearing my port,—'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bian. Let 's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:
'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not,—'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not,—Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us not,—'regia,' presume not,—'celsa senis,' despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.
Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet.
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

52. *"Æacides was Ajax";* this is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to be listening. The pedigree of Ajax, however, is properly made out.—H. N. H.
61. *"formal,"* precise.—C. H. H.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [*reads*] " 'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die." 80
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*

73. *"gamut,"* the scale.—C. H. H.

82. *"I am not so nice";* one of the ancient meanings of nice was *silly, foolish.* Thus in Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Tale:* "But say that we ben wise and nothing *nice.*" Likewise in Gower:

> "A tale of them that be so *nice,*
> And feignen them selfe to be wise,
> I shall the tell in such a wise."

And in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act v. sc. 2: "The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge, of dear import."—In the original the next line reads,—"To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions." *Charge* was a frequent misprint for *change,* and was so corrected in the folio of 1632. Theobald changed *old* into *odd;* which is evidently right, as the speaker has just said,—*"Old* fashions please me best." Besides, *old* and *inventions* will hardly go together.—H. N. H.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio [*To Tranio*], this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'
Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.
Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though.

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!
Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?
Bap. Is he come?

16. *"make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns";* so Folio 1 and Quarto; Folios 2 and 3 insert *"yes"* before *"and."* The more noteworthy suggestions are:—*"Make friends invite, yes"* (Singer); *"make friends invite guests"* (Dyce); *"make feasts, invite friends"* (Dyce, ed. 2).—I. G.

Bion. Why, no, sir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is coming.
Bap. When will he be here?
Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there.
Tra. But say, what to thine old news?
Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candlecases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with a half-cheeked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stum-

58. *"Near-legged";* the original has *neere leg'd;* which is the way *near* is there usually spelled. The common reading is *ne'er legged,* which Malone explains to mean "foundered in the fore-feet; having, as the jockeys term it, *never a fore leg* to stand on." Of the reading we have given, Lord Chadworth says,—"I believe *near-legg'd* is right: the near leg of a horse is the left, and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had, as Dryden describes old *Jacob Tonson,* two left legs; that is, he was awkward in the use of them; he used his right leg like the left."—H. N. H.

bling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and 'the humor of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Aye, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?
Bap. You are welcome, sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparel'd
As I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!
Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accouterments,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

132. *"But to her love concerneth";* in the original *to* is wanting before *love.* Of course *concerneth* is used impersonally, *it* being understood.—H. N. H.

Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We 'll over-reach the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Aye, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo:
And I seeing this came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Train.

177. *"Threw the sops in the sexton's face";* the custom of having wine and sops distributed immediately after the marriage ceremony in the Church is very ancient. It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII "For the Marriage of a Princess":—"Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe,* and to be borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke." It was also practiced at the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral; and at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the daughter of James I in 1613. In Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* it is called a *knitting cup;* in Middleton's *No Wit like a Woman's,* the *contracting cup.* The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony, as appears from a rubric in one of the *Salisbury Missals.*—H. N. H.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer?
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gru. Aye, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. Aye, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead.
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:

Pet. " Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own :—"

Taming of the Shrew. Act 3, Scene 2.

I 'll buckler thee against a million.
[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*
Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like. 249
Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let 's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Petruchio's country house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, aye, Curtis, aye: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There 's fire already: and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

28. *"And myself, fellow Curtis";* Grumio calls himself *a beast,* and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow:* this would not have been noticed but that one of the commentators thought it necessary to alter *myself* in Grumio's speech to *thyself.* Grumio's sentence is proverbial: "Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast."—H. N. H.

31. *"Am I but three inches?";* Curtis contemptuously alludes to Grumio's diminutive size; and he in return calls Curtis a cuckold.—H. N. H.

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis,* we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What 's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not

crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Aye; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress!

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

99. *"curtsy,"* this mark of respect (also called making a leg) was used by both sexes.—C. H. H.

Curt. Who knows not that?
Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.
Curt. I call them forth to credit her.
Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!
Phil. How now, Grumio!
Jos. What, Grumio!
Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad?
Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to color Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

147. *"Where is the life that late I led";* a line of an old song, quoted also by Pistol; *cp. 2 Henry IV,* V, iii, 147. Similarly *"It was the friar of orders gray,"* &c., is a bit of an old ballad, now lost.—I. G.

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Trolius? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall!
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What 's this? mutton?

First Serv. Aye.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

152. *"It was the friar of orders gray";* Dr. Percy has constructed his beautiful ballad, *The Friar of Orders Gray,* from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.—H. N. H.

Pet. "'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
. . . . . .
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:"

The Taming of the Shrew. Act 4, Scene 1.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter Curtis

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Aye, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;

198. *"sharp,"* with a keen appetite, "peckish."—C. H. H.
216. *"to kill a wife with kindness,"* a proverbial expression. Hey-

And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

wood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness,* was first produced in 1602.—I. G.

7. *"The Art to Love";* an allusion to Ovid's *Ars amandi.*—C. H. H.

Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case?
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. Aye, and he 'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Aye, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,

45. *"'longeth";* the Folios and Quartos correct *"longeth,"* without apostrophe; *"to long"* in the sense of *"to belong"* is common in older English writings. Similarly *"pointed"* in old eds., III. ii. 1.—I. G.

61. *"An ancient angel";* so the Folios and Quartos; Theobald sug-

Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

gested *"engle"* (a gull); other proposals have been *ayeul, gentle, morsel, antick,* &c., but no change is necessary. Cotgrave renders *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "an old angell; and by metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest and worthie stamp."—I. G.

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Aye, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favor will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;

My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

13. *"as who should say,"* as much as to say.—C. H. H.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Aye, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

25. *"too hot a little";* this is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glasse of Humours:* "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, *scorched, dry meats,* from *mustard,* and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humors."—H. N. H.

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks.
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.
[*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

60. *"ruffling treasure";* Pope changed *"ruffling"* to *"rustling";* perhaps we should read *"russling"* (for *"rustling"*). *Cp. Lear,* II. iv. 304, where the Quarto reading is *"russel,"* while the Folios have "ruffle." Mrs. Quickly's *"rushling in silk and gold"* (*Merry Wives,* II. ii. 68) seems to be an important piece of evidence in favor of *"rustling."*—I. G.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.
Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
[*Exit Haberdasher.*
Pet. Thy gown? why, aye: come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. I see she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

88. *"up and down"*; a phrase of the time, meaning *exactly*, something like our *out and out*.—H. N. H.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat if he say I said so.

Tai. [*reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*reads*] 'With a small compassed cape:'

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Aye, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mis-

135. *"loose-bodied gown";* Grumio seems to be quibbling upon *loose-bodied,* as if it meant a *loose woman.*—H. N. H.

tress' gown for thy master's use!
Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?
Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!
Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. [*Aside.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.
Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*
Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

164. *"conceit,"* design.—C. H. H.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let 's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Padua. Before Baptista's house

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?
Ped. Aye, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.
Ped. I warrant you.

193. *"by dinner-time," i. e.* eleven, then the fashionable hour.—C. H. H.

5. *"lodgers at the Pegasus";* Shakespeare has here taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua. The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle Temple, and is a very popular sign.—H. N. H.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.
Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?
Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,

48. *"know"*; possibly a misprint for *trow*.—C. H. H.
61. *"pittance,"* diet.—C. H. H.
62. *"Cambio,"* probably an error for *"Biondello,"* as suggested by

And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
[*Exit Bion.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here be-

the Cambridge editors, and more satisfactory from a metrical point of view. Again, "the supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have "flown on the wings of love" to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master."—I. G.

66. *"Lucentio."* Rowe first assigned this line to Lucentio (*Biondello* Ff.); the Ff. having *Cambio* in 62. The Camb. edd. prefer to read *Biondello* in 62, on the ground that Lucentio is not Baptista's servant (v. 58), and that, had he been thus despatched, he would have "flown on the wings of love" and not been available at v. 72. But (1) as the tutor of Baptista's daughter, he is more naturally regarded as his servant than Biondello, who, as specially attached to the service of Tranio, is doubtless meant by "my boy"; (2) Lucentio is prevented from hurrying away by Tranio's "wink and laugh."—C. H. H.

hind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:' to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?

79. *"meaning or moral";* that is, the secret purpose.—H. N. H.

Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.
[*Exit.*

Scene V

A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favorable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

41. *"lovely bed-fellow";* that the reader may see how well Shake-

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travelest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;

speare could make a good thing better, we subjoin the corresponding passage from the old play:

"Faire lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethists, or glistering hyacinth.—
Sweete Kate, entertaine this lovely woman.—
Kath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable, like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face."—H. N. H.

46. *"everything I look on seemeth green";* another proof of Shakespeare's accurate observation of natural phenomena. When one has been long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green.—H. N. H.

And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travelers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

10. *"bears more toward,"* lies more in the direction of.—C. H. H.

Gre. They 're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father has come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Aye, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

31. *"his father has come from Padua,"* so the Folios and Quartos; various changes have been proposed, *e. g. "to Padua," "from Pisa,"* &c., but the Pedant means that he has been staying at Padua.—I. G.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'm good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit from above.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir?

O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail. Father

Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused: O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and—yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio, Right son to the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.
Gre. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.
Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss,
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.
Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the jail.
Bap. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?
Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*
Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*
Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*
Gre. My cake is dough: but I 'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*
Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
Kath. What, in the midst of the street?
Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?
Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.
Pet. Why, then let 's home again. Come, sirrah, let 's away.
Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.
Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. 160
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Padua. Lucentio's house.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio: the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

8. The *"banquet"* here, as in other places of Shakespeare, was a

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:'
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrows by his woe:

refection similar to our modern *dessert,* consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, fruits, &c. According to Baret, "banketting dishes brought at the end of meales were junkettes, tartes, marchpanes." Yet from the same authority it appears that a *banquet* and a *feast* were also then synonymous, and the word is often used by Shakespeare in that sense also.—H. N. H.

And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That 's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Aye, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Aye, but not frighted me; therefore I 'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

33. *"respecting,"* in comparison with.—C. H. H.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Aye, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where 's my wife?
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlor fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina.*
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?
Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. "Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate."
Luc. "Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't."

The Taming of the Shrew. Act 5, Scene 2.

Pet. Why, there 's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white; [*To Lucentio.*
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so. [*Exeunt.*

185. *"You two are sped";* that is, the fate of you both is decided; for you both have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Above (so Folios 1, 2, and Quarto; Folios 3 and 4 "about"); Induct. ii. 116.

Achieve, gain, possess; I. i. 161.

Adversaries, opposing counsel; I. ii. 284.

Advice, reflection, second thoughts; I. i. 117.

Advised; "art thou not advised," do you not understand; I. i. 191.

Affied, affianced, betrothed; IV. iv. 49.

Agenor; "the daughter of A.," *i. e.* "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter translated himself into a bull"; I. i. 173.

Aglet-baby, the tag of a point or lace, with a head formed into a small figure; I. ii. 79.

Aim'd, guessed; II. i. 240.

Al'ce, a contracted form of "Alice"; Induct. ii. 112.

"A little pot, and soon hot," alluding to the proverb, "a little pot is soon hot"; IV. i. 6.

"Alla nostra casa ben venuto," &c., Welcome to our house, my much honored Signior; I. ii. 25–6.

Amort, dejected; IV. iii. 36.

An, if; I. i. 132.

Ancient, old, former; Induct. ii. 35; I. ii. 47.

And all one, but it does not matter; IV. ii. 101.

Angel; "ancient angel," probably a cant term for a good old soul; IV. ii. 61.

Anna, the sister of Dido; I. i. 159.

Antic, buffoon, oddity; Induct. i. 101.

Apes; "lead apes in hell," alluding to the old belief that spinsters lead apes in hell; II. i. 34.

Apply, *i. e.* "ply," or (?) apply myself to; I. i. 19.

Argosy, a merchant-ship; II. i. 382.

Arms, play upon the two senses, ordinary and heraldic, of *arms;* II. i. 230.

Arras, tapestry; II. i. 359.

As, so that; Induct. i. 70; as if; I. ii. 159; as though; II. i. 163; that; IV. iii. 114.

Assurance, legal settlement; II. i. 404.

At a bay, at bay; V. ii. 56.

Awful, awe inspiring; V. ii. 109.

Baccare, a cant word, meaning go back, used in allusion to a proverbial saying, "Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow"; probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without knowing it; II. i. 73.

Balk; "b. logic," *i. e.* (probably) chop logic; I. i. 34.

Balm, anoint; Induct. i. 48.

Bars, prevents; Induct. ii. 140.

Basta (Italian), enough; I. i. 203.

Bate, flap the wings; IV. i. 204.

Bear-herd, a leader of a tame bear; Induct. ii. 21.

Bears me fair in hand, gives me every encouragement; IV. ii. 3.

Beholding, beholden; I. ii. 280.

Belike, perhaps, probably; Induct. i. 75.

Be-mete, be-measure; IV. iii. 113.

Bemoiled, besmirched, bedraggled; IV. i. 80.

Ben venuto; "I shall be your b. v." *i. e.* "I will guarantee your welcome"; I. ii. 288.

Bestraught = distraught = distracted; Induct. ii. 27.

Bias, a weight on one side of a bowl, which affects its direction; IV. v. 25.

Bill, with a play upon the two senses of "bill"; IV. iii. 154.

Blear'd, dimmed; V. i. 127.

Blue coats; the dress of common serving-men; IV. i. 97.

Board, woo; I. ii. 96.

Books; "put me in thy books," *i. e.* good books; used with a playful quibble; II. i. 231.

Boot, avail, use; V. ii. 176.

Boot-hose, stocking suited to wear with boots; III. ii. 69.

Boss'd, embossed, studded; II. i. 361.

Bottom, a ball (of thread); IV. iii. 138.

Bow'd, bent; II. i. 154.

Brach, a kind of scenting-dog, properly a female hound ("brach merriman," l. 17, *vide* note); Induct. i. 18.

Brave, *i. e.* handsomely clad; Induct. i. 40.

Braved, used in double sense, (1) made fine, and (2) outbraved; (similarly "face," *ibid*); IV. iii. 125.

Bravery, finery; IV. iii. 57.

Braves, bullying; III. i. 15.

Breathed, in full career; Induct. ii. 51.

Breeching, liable to be whipped; III. i. 18.

Bring = take; IV. i. 188.

Buckler, shield; III. ii. 246.

Bugs, bugbears; I. ii. 214.

Burst, broken; Induct. i. 8; IV. i. 86.

Burton-heath, probably Barton-on-the-heath, a village in Warwickshire; Induct. ii. 19.

But, except, unless; III. i. 64; IV. iv. 2.

Buttery, a place for keeping provisions, especially liquor; Induct. i. 102.

Buzz, used equivocally with a play upon "be" (="bee") and "buzz," an interjection to command silence; II. i. 212.

Buzzard; II. i. 212–214 (*vide* note).

Carousing to, drinking healths to; III. ii. 175.

Carpets, probably "table-covers"; IV. i. 54.

Cart (used as a play upon "court"), to punish a culprit by carting, a punishment akin to the ducking-stool; I. i. 55.

Cast on no water, alluding to the old catch, "Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Cast on water,

cast on water!" IV. i. 21.

CENSER, a fire pan, which was used for burning perfumes; IV. iii. 91.

'CERNS = concerns; V. i. 79.

CHAFED, made furious; I. ii. 206.

CHAPELESS, without a chape; the "chape" was the metal part at the end of the scabbard; III. ii. 48.

CHECKS (so the Folios and Quarto; Blackstone "ethics"; the old play in corresponding passage "Aristotle's walks"), austere rules; I. i. 32.

CLOSE, secretly; Induct. i. 127.

COCK'S, common corruption of the name of God; IV. i. 124.

COMFORMABLE, compliant, yielding; II. i. 285.

COMONTY; Sly's blunder for "Comedy"; Induct. ii. 142.

COMPASSED, round; IV. iii. 141.

CONDITIONS; "soft c." gentle qualities; V. ii. 167.

CONSERVES, preserves; Induct. ii. 3.

CONTENTED, pleased; IV. iv. 107.

CONTENTS, pleases; IV. iii. 183.

CONTENT YOU, keep your temper; II. i. 349.

CONTRIVE, while away; I. ii. 282.

CON TUTTO, &c.; with all my heart, well met! I. ii. 24.

CONY-CATCHED, deceived, tricked; V. i. 105.

CONY-CATCHING, trickery, foolery; IV. i. 47.

COPATAIN HAT, a high crowned hat; V. i. 71.

COUNTENANCE, do honor to; IV. i. 105.

COUNTERPOINTS, counterpanes; II. i. 359.

COXCOMB, the ornament on a fool's cap; II. i. 232.

CRAB, crab-apple; II. i. 236.

CRACK-HEMP, one who deserves hanging; V. i. 48.

CRAVEN, a beaten cock; II. i. 234.

CREDIT, do honor to; IV. i. 110.

CRIED; "he cried upon it at the merest loss," *i. e.* he gave the cry when the scent seemed utterly lost; Induct. i. 23.

CULLION, base fellow; IV. ii. 20.

CUM PRIVILEGIO AD IMPRIMENDUM SOLUM, *i. e.* "with exclusive copyright," used with reference to marriage rights; IV. iv. 93.

CUNNING, skill, art; Induct. i. 92.

CUNNING, skillful, clever; I. i. 97; II. i. 56.

CURIOUS, punctilious; IV. iv. 36.

CURST, shrewish; I. i. 185.

CUSTARD-COFFIN; the raised crust of a custard was called a coffin; IV. iii. 82.

CYTHEREA, Venus; Induct. ii. 54.

DANCE BARE-FOOT; "I must dance barefoot on her wedding day," alluding to the old custom that the elder unmarried sisters danced without shoes at the marriage of the youngest daughter; II. i. 33.

DECLINING; "d. head into" = head d. into; Induct. i. 119.

DEEP-MOUTH'D, having a deep-sounding bark; Induct. i. 18.

DEMI-CANNON, a kind of ordnance; IV. iii. 88.

DENIER, a very small coin; the twelfth part of a *sou;* Induct. i. 9.

DIAPER, a towel of figured linen; Induct. i. 57.

DIGRESS, deviate (from his promise); III. ii. 111.

DOG-WEARY, "tired as a dog"; IV. ii. 60.

Domineer, indulge without restraint; III. ii. 231.

Dough; "our cakes are dough on both sides," &c.; *i. e.* we are disappointed; a popular proverb; I. i. 110; V. i. 150.

Eleven and twenty, supposed to be an allusion to the game of one and thirty; IV. ii. 57.

Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth; a hunter's term; Induct. i. 17.

Embracements, embraces; Induct. i. 118.

Encounter, greeting; IV. v. 54.

Expect, believe (Folio 2, "except); IV. iv. 91.

"Fac'd it with a card of ten," played the best card, the trump card; II. i. 414.

Fair, in state, finery; II. i. 17.

"Fair befall thee," good fortune befall thee; V. ii. 111.

Fardingales = farthingales, hoops; IV. iii. 56.

Fashions (a corruption of *farcins*), a skin disease in horses; III. ii. 53.

Fault; "coldest f." *i. e.* absolute loss of scent; Induct. i. 20.

Fay, faith; Induct. ii. 84.

Fear, frighten; I. ii. 214.

Fears; used equivocally, (1) is afraid of; (2) affrights; V. ii. 16.

Few; "in a few," *i. e.* in a few words; I. ii. 52.

Fine, smart; IV. i. 143.

Fives, a disease in horses; III. ii. 55.

"Florentius' love"; an allusion to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*; a Knight Florent agrees to marry an ugly hag, if she will teach him to solve a riddle on which his life depends (*cp.* Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale); I. ii. 69.

Flouts, mocks; II. i. 29.

Fool, a professional fool; I. i. 65.

For assurance, to make sure; V. ii. 65.

Foul, ugly, deformed; I. ii. 69.

Frets, stops of the lute; II. i. 153.

Fretting, spoiling (with a play upon "fret" in the ordinary sense); II. i. 335.

Froward, refractory; I. i. 69.

Full, exactly; I. i. 203.

Furniture, dress, furnishings; IV. iii. 185.

Galliasses, large galleys; II. i. 380.

Gambold, the old form of "gambol," growing obsolete in Shakespeare's time; hence used by Sly; Induct. ii. 142.

Gamester, used contemptuously; II. i. 409.

Gawds, ornaments, trifling toys; II. i. 3.

Gentles, gentlemen; III. ii. 97.

Gifts, endowments, abilities; I. i. 106.

Gird, gibe; V. ii. 58.

Give over, leave; I. ii. 106.

God-a-mercy, God have mercy; IV. iii. 157.

Gogs-wouns, a corruption of "God's wounds"; III. ii. 164.

Good shipping, a good voyage, good luck; V. i. 44.

Grace, a kindness; I. ii. 133.

Gramercies, *i. e.* "grands mercies," great thanks; I. i. 41.

Gratify, reward; I. ii. 279.

Green; "whiles your boots are green, *i. e.* (?) freshly greased,

or fresh, new; (*cp.* colloquial phrase, "before your shoes wear out"); III. ii. 218.

GRISSEL, the typical instance of womanly patience; an allusion to Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's Clerk's Tale; II. i. 302.

HAGGARD, a wild hawk; IV. i. 201.

HALED, pulled away by force; V. i. 113.

HALT, limp; II. i. 263.

HAND; "at any hand," in any case; I. ii. 149.

HAP, good luck; I. ii. 275.

HAPPILY, haply, perhaps; IV. iv. 54.

"HAPPY MAN BE HIS DOLE," happiness be his portion; I. i. 144.

HARD; "that goes hard," that's bad; IV. ii. 80.

HA' TO THEE, here's to thee; V. ii. 37.

HAVE, get; Induct. ii. 40.

HAVE TO 'T, set to it; I. i. 143.

HE = man; III. ii. 241.

HIC IBAT SIMOIS, &c., from Ovid, *Epist. Heroid.* I. 33; III. i. 28–9.

HIGH-CROSS, the market-place, where formerly a cross was always erected; I. i. 136.

HILDING, term of contempt, menial; II. i. 26.

HIPPED, covered to the hips; III. ii. 49.

"HIT THE WHITE"; hit the center of the target; with allusion to *Bianca* (white); a term in archery; V. ii. 186.

HOLIDAME, halidom; "by my halidom," = upon my sacred word or oath; V. ii. 99.

"HUMOUR OF FORTY FANCIES," probably the title of a collection of ballads; III. ii. 71.

HUNGERLY, hungrily, scantily; III. ii. 179.

HURLY, hurly-burly; IV. i. 211.

HUSBAND, economist, housekeeper; V. i. 72.

HUSHT, hush! (*cp.* "hist," "whist"); I. i. 68.

IDLE, absurd; Induct. ii. 14.

INDIFFERENT, equally; I. ii. 183.

INDIFFERENT, "garters of an indifferent knit," *i. e.* tied in an ordinary way, not looped conspicuously; IV. i. 98.

INGENIOUS, probably "ingenuous"; Sh. uses the two words indiscriminately; I. i. 9.

INGRATE, ungrateful; I. ii. 276.

INTEND, pretend; IV. i. 211.

INTOLERABLE = intolerably; I. ii. 90.

I WIS, *i. e.* iwis, truly; I. i. 62.

JACK, a term of contempt; II. i. 162.

"JACK, BOY! HO! BOY!" the commencement of an old catch; IV. i. 45.

JACKS . . . JILLS, drinking-vessels made respectively of leather and metal, with a play upon "jacks," men-servants, and "jills," maid-servants; IV. i. 53, 54.

JADE, worthless nag; I. ii. 255.

JEALOUS, suspicious; IV. v. 76.

JOIN'D STOOL, a kind of folding chair; II. i. 203.

JOLTHEADS, blockheads; IV. i. 176.

JUMP, agree; I. i. 195.

JUNKETS, dainties; III. ii. 255.

KATE, a play on *Kate* and *cat;* II. i. 284.

KATED, perhaps with a play upon *cat;* III. ii. 252.

KATES, "Dainties are all Kates," a play on the word *cates;* II. i. 193.

KEEP YOU WARM, referring to the proverb "To have wit enough to keep one's self warm"; II. i. 273.

KENNEL, gutter; IV. iii. 98.

KINDLY, "let him come and kindly"; evidently used like the colloquial "welcome," to express indifference; Induct. i. 15; in a natural manner; Induct. i. 66.

KNACK, knick-knack, trifle; IV. iii. 67.

LAMPASS, a disease in horses; III. ii. 52.

LAYING ON, laying a wager on; V. ii. 129.

LEDA'S DAUGHTER, *i. e.* Helen; I. ii. 250.

LEET, Court-leet, which tried those who used false weights and measures; Induct. ii. 90.

'LEGES = alleges; I. ii. 28.

LEWD, vile; IV. iii. 65.

LIE, stay, lodge; IV. iv. 56.

LIEF, gladly, willingly; I. i. 135.

LIKE, likely; IV. iv. 70.

LIKE OF = like; II. i. 65.

LINK, a pitch torch; IV. i. 141.

LODGING, chamber; Induct. i. 49.

LONGLY, a great while, a long time (? longingly); I. i. 170.

LOOK BIG, angrily; III. ii. 235.

LOVELY, loving; III. ii. 127.

LURE, a stuffed bird used in falconry for training the hawk; IV. i. 200.

LUSTY, lively; II. i. 164.

MAIDENHEAD, maidenhood; III. ii. 232.

MALT-HORSE, a brewer's horse; used as a term of contempt; IV. i. 136.

MAN, tame; IV. i. 201.

MARR'D . . . MADE, a favorite quibble in old English literature; the two words were pronounced almost alike; IV. iii. 115–116.

MARRIED O' SUNDAY; "we will be married o' Sunday"; the burden of several popular songs, the best known occurring in *Ralph Roister Doister;* II. i. 331.

MART, bargain; II. i. 334.

MASQUING, masquerading; IV. iii. 87.

MEACOCK, timorous, worthless; II. i. 320.

MEANER, of lower rank; I. i. 210.

MERCATANTE (spelled "marcantant" in Folios and Quarto), merchant; IV. ii. 63.

MERRY PASSION, merriment; Induct. i. 97.

MESS, course; IV. iv. 70.

MEW UP, shut up; I. i. 87.

MINION, saucy wench; II. i. 13.

MI PERDONATO (Folios "me pardonato"; Quarto "me pardinato"), me being pardoned; I. i. 25.

MODESTY, moderation; Induct. i. 68.

MOSE IN THE CHINE, a disease in horses; III. ii. 52.

MOVED, angry; V. ii. 142.

NAPKIN, handkerchief; Induct. i. 27.

NEAT, ox; IV. iii. 17.

NEWS; "what's the news?" what does this mean? I. i. 230.

Of = for; II. i. 238; on; IV. i. 73; V. ii. 72.
Old, used intensitively; *cp.* modern phrase, "old fellow"; III. ii. 30.
On = of; IV. i. 31.
Orchard, garden; II. i. 115.
Or ere, before; IV. v. 8.
Other, others; I. ii. 123.
Over-eyeing, witnessing, seeing; Induct. i. 95.

Packing, plotting; V. i. 127.
Pain, pains, toil; III. i. 12.
Palabris; "paucus pallabris"; Sly's corruption of the Spanish "pocas palabras," *i.e.* few words; Induct. i. 5.
Pantaloon, an old fool; a standing character in Italian comedy; III. i. 38.
Parle, parley; I. i. 117.
Pass, convey (a legal term); IV. iv. 45; transact, IV. iv. 57.
Passing, surpassing; Induct. i. 67; II. i. 116.
Peat, the old form of "pet"; I. i. 78.
Pedant, schoolmaster; IV. ii. 63.
Pedascule, pedant, schoolmaster; III. i. 52.
Pheeze, originally "to incite, send forth, drive away," whence probably secondary meaning "to beat," and in certain dialects "to pay a person off for an injury"; Induct. i. 1.
Plash, pool; I. i. 23.
Points, tagged laces used for fastening various parts of the dress; III. ii. 49.
Porringer, a bowl or basin; IV. iii. 64.
Port, style of living; I. i. 208.
Practise, plot, play a trick; Induct. i. 36.
Prefer, recommend; I. i. 97.
Present, immediate; IV. iii. 5.
Presently, immediately; IV. iv. 59.
Pricks, incites, III. ii. 75; "pricked in," pinned in, stuck in; III. ii. 71.
Proceeders; perhaps used equivocally: to *proceed* Master of Arts is the academic term for taking the degree; IV. ii. 11.
Proper, handsome; I. ii. 146.
Put finger in the eye, weep in a childish manner; I. i. 78.

Quaint, fine (used ironically); III. ii. 151; elegant; IV. iii. 102.
Quantity, used in the sense of a very small quantity; IV. iii. 112.

Rated, driven away by scolding; I. i. 165.
Rayed, dirtied, soiled; III. ii. 54; IV. i. 3.
Rebused, Grumio's blunder for "abused"; I. ii. 7.
Reckoning, description; IV. i. 90.
Redime te Captum, &c., *i.e.* "Redeem thyself, captive, for the least sum thou canst"; quoted from Terence in Lily's Latin Grammar, whence the writer no doubt derived the line; I. i. 167.
Rests, remains; I. i. 250.
Reverend, reverent, respectful; IV. i. 212.
Ring, the prize ring; I. i. 145.
Rope-tricks, tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for "rhetoric"; (*cp.* the Nurse's

"ropery" for "roguery," Rom. II. iv. 154); I. ii. 112.

Roundly, straightway, directly; I. i. 59; bluntly; III. ii. 221; without needless ceremony; IV. iv. 109; used with a play on the word; V. ii. 21.

Rudesby, rude clown; III. ii. 10.

Ruffling (*vide* note); IV. iii. 60.

Rushes strewed; referring to the old custom of strewing the floors with rushes; IV. i. 50.

Sack, Spanish or Canary wine; Induct. ii. 2.

Sadness, seriousness; "in good s.," in all seriousness; V. ii. 63.

Scrivener, a writer of contracts; IV. iv. 59.

Sealed quarts, quart pots sealed as being of legal size; Induct. ii. 91.

Secret, confidential; I. i. 158.

Seen; "well seen," well-skilled, skillful; I. ii. 136.

"Seize thee that list," *i.e.* let them take thee that will; III. i. 93.

Sessa, "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running"; Induct. i. 6.

Sheathing, having a new sheath made for it; IV. i. 142.

Sheer ale, pure ale, unmixed ale; Induct. ii. 25.

Should, when the priest should ask, *i.e.* had in due course to ask; III. ii. 163.

Shrewd, bad, evil; I. i. 185.

Simple, foolish; V. ii. 161.

Sith, since; I. i. 216.

Skills, matters; III. ii. 136.

Skipper, used contemptuously for *frivolous youth;* II. i. 347.

Slipp'd, started, let slip; V. ii. 52.

"Socrates' Xanthippe" (old eds. "Zentippe" and "Zantippe"), the famous shrew of antiquity; I. ii. 71.

Soud, a word imitative of a noise made by a person heated and fatigued; IV. i. 149.

Sorted to no proof, proved to be to no purpose; IV. iii. 43.

So very = so great; I. i. 128.

Specialties, special deeds; II. i. 130.

Speed, succeed; I. ii. 253.

Spleen, sudden impulse of mirth, Induct. i. 137; ill temper, III. ii. 10.

Spoke=spoken; II. i. 196.

Stale, laughing-stock; probably with a quibbling allusion to "stale-mate" in chess; I. i. 58; decoy, bait; III. i. 92.

Stand, withstand; I. ii. 115.

Stay, restrain; Induct. i. 134.

Stead, aid; I. ii. 272.

Still, continually; IV. i. 215.

Stock, stocking; III. ii. 68.

Stomach, perhaps a play upon the two senses of the word, *i.e.* "appetite," and "choler"; IV. i. 165.

Stoop, yield; a technical term in falconry for coming down on the prey; IV. i. 199.

Straight, straightway, immediately; Induct. i. 52.

Strond (so all the old editions, except Folio 1, which reads "strand"), strand; I. i. 175.

Suits, "in all suits," in every respect; Induct. i. 106.

Supposes, assumed characters; (*cp.* Ariosto's "I Suppositi," trans. by Gascoigne as *"The Supposes,"*); V. i. 126.

SWEETING, a term of endearment; IV. iii. 36.
SWIFT, quick, with play upon the word; V. ii. 54.
SWINGE, lash; V. ii. 104.

TA'EN; "orders . . . ta'en," *i. e.* given; I. ii. 128.
TALL, fine; IV. iv. 17.
TENDER, tend; Induct. i. 16.
TENTS AND CANOPIES, probably bed hangings; II. i. 360.
THIRDBOROUGH (Folios and Quarto "head-borough," Theobald's correction), constable; Induct. i. 12.
THROUGHLY, thoroughly; IV. iv. 11.
TOOK, gave; III. ii. 167.
TOWARD, at hand, I. i. 68; obedient, docile; V. ii. 182.
TOY! a trifle, nonsense! II. i. 411.
TRICK, toy, trifle; IV. iii. 67.
TROT, woman, hag; I. ii. 80.
TRUNK, broad, large; IV. iii. 143.
TURTLE = turtle-dove; II. i. 214.
TWANGLING, twanging; II. i. 162.
TWINK, twinkling; II. i. 317.
TWO-AND-THIRTY, A PIP OUT, "an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated; derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-thirty"; pip=a spot or mark on a card; I. ii. 33.

UNABLE, weak, helpless; V. ii. 169.
UNAPT, unfit; V. ii. 166.
UNCASE, undress; I. i. 212.
UNCONSTANT=inconstant; IV. ii. 14.
UNDERTAKE, assume; IV. ii. 106.
UNMANNER'D, unmannerly; IV. i. 176.
UNPINK'D, not pinked or pierced with eyelet holes; IV. i. 140.
UNREVERENT, disrespectful; III. ii. 116.
UNTOWARD, unmannerly; IV. v. 79.

"VAIL YOUR STOMACHS," lower your pride; V. ii. 176.
VELURE, velvet; III. ii. 63.
VENICE, GOLD, *i.e.* Venetian Gold; II. i. 362.
VIED, challenged; II. i. 316.

WANTS, are wanting; III. ii. 254.
WATCH, keep from sleep; a term in falconry; IV. i. 203.
WHATSOE'ER, at any rate; I. ii. 220.
WHO; "as who should say," as if to say; IV. iii. 13.
"WHY, WHEN, I SAY?" an exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 150.
WIDOWHOOD, rights as a widow; II. i. 128.
WILL; "she will," probably an error for "he will"; otherwise "will" should perhaps be "shall"; I. i. 189.
"WILL YOU, NILL YOU," whether you will or not; II. i. 278.
WINCOT, probably a corruption of Wilnecote or Wilmecot, about three miles to the north of Stratford; Robert Arden, Shakespeare's grandfather, lived there (*cp.* Woncot, *2 Henry IV.*, V. i. 42); Induct. ii. 23.
WISH, commend; I. i. 113; I. ii. 60.
WITH, by; IV. iii. 111.
WOODCOCK, popularly used for a fool; I. ii. 163.

Workmanly, workmanlike; Induct. ii. 63.

World; "'tis a world," *i.e.* a wonder; II. i. 318.

Yard, yard measure (which used to be made of wood); IV. iii. 113.

Yellows, jaundice in horses; III. ii. 55.

Yet, still; Induct, ii. 70.

Yourself = you yourself; I. ii. 159.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. From what is the idea of the Induction derived?
2. Where did an incident similar to that in the Induction actually take place?
3. To what sources can be traced the main plot and the underplot?
4. Compare the old play on this theme with the Shakespearean version.
5. In what way does the portrayal of Kate present a dramatic difficulty?
6. What is the fundamental truth supporting such a course as Petruchio's towards the transformation of Kate?
7. Describe Petruchio.
8. Describe the interaction of the two plots.
9. What is the main strength of the play? Wherein is its weakness?
10. What elements of this material were suited to engage Shakespeare's distinctive abilities,—and what were unworthy of them?

INDUCTION

11. Outline the Induction.
12. What is its dramatic quality?
13. Describe Christophero Sly.

ACT I

14. Where is the scene of the first act?
15. What is discussed between Lucentio and Tranio?

16. What is the resolve of Baptista?
17. With whom does Lucentio fall in love?
18. What is the suit of Gremio and Hortensio?
19. What plan does Lucentio devise to compass his suit?
20. What is the avowed intention of Petruchio in coming to Padua?
21. How does he receive Hortensio's suggestion as to his getting a wife?
22. How does Hortensio describe Katharina?
23. How does Grumio speak of his master to Hortensio?

ACT II

24. What disposition does Katharina show in her treatment of her sister?
25. How does Petruchio introduce Hortensio to Baptista?
26. What is the fate of the tutor who takes Katharina in hand?
27. Describe the first interview between Petruchio and Kate. What is its outcome?
28. How do Gremio and the pretended Lucentio present their suits for Bianca to Baptista?

ACT III

29. Describe the Latin lesson of Lucentio. What may have suggested this to Shakespeare?
30. How does Hortensio express his suit through his music lesson to Bianca?
31. How does Petruchio appear for his wedding? How does Biondello describe the get-up of him and his servant?
32. Describe Petruchio's behavior at the wedding.
33. Describe his first step thereafter towards the "taming" of Katharina.

ACT IV

34. Describe the scene between Curtis and Grumio, and the tale Grumio tells of the journey.

35. What are the first tactics of Petruchio when he brings Katharina home?

36. What is the first effect of this upon her? How does she speak to him when he begins his assumed tempers?

37. What is the servants' comment upon it?

38. What is Petruchio's soliloquy upon the situation?

39. Where is the second scene laid?

40. How does it find the matters stand among the suitors of Bianca?

41. What does Hortensio decide he will do, when he notes the lovemaking between Bianca and the pretended Cambio?

42. Who comes along to serve for the part of Vincentio?

43. How does Tranio trick the newcomer into playing Vincentio?

44. Describe the plight of Katharina at her husband's house.

45. Describe the scenes with the tailor and haberdasher.

46. How do the Pedant, Tranio, and Biondello develop Lucentio's plan with Baptista?

47. How do they make the way clear for his clandestine marriage to Bianca?

48. How does Katharina begin to show the effects of Petruchio's discipline, on the journey back to her father's?

49. Whom do they meet upon the way?

ACT V

50. Describe the *contretemps* when Vincentio meets the disguised Pedant and Tranio. What is the outcome?

51. How do Petruchio and Katharina end the scene?

52. Where does the final scene take place?

53. Describe the introductory talk of the guests. What is still the evident opinion of all concerning Kate as a wife?

54. What is the wager of the husbands?

55. What is Bianca's reply to her husband's message? What the widow's? What is Kate's?

56. What is Kate's final reproof to the other wives?

57. Is there a truth of human nature that would produce an extreme change of views like hers, in such a case as hers?

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